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**A NOBLE SPECIMEN OF THE EMPIRE'S FAUNA, WHOSE PRESERVATION HAS LATELY BEEN MUCH DISCUSSED:
A FEMALE ELEPHANT THAT CHARGED "ON THE CLICK OF THE CAMERA"—PHOTOGRAPHED AT 15 YARDS.**

The question of preserving big game and other animals, especially in East Africa, from indiscriminate slaughter and ultimate extermination, was recently raised in the House of Lords by the Earl of Onslow, President of the Society for the Protection of the Fauna of the Empire. Some particulars of the discussion are given on pages 926 and 927 of this number, where we reproduce

two more of Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell's wonderful photographs of wild elephants. As noted under another given in colour (on page 945), no shot has ever been fired while he was taking photographs. Regarding the above, taken at a range of fifteen yards, he writes: "The elephant charged on the click of the camera. I had to dodge the two amongst the trees, which was easy."

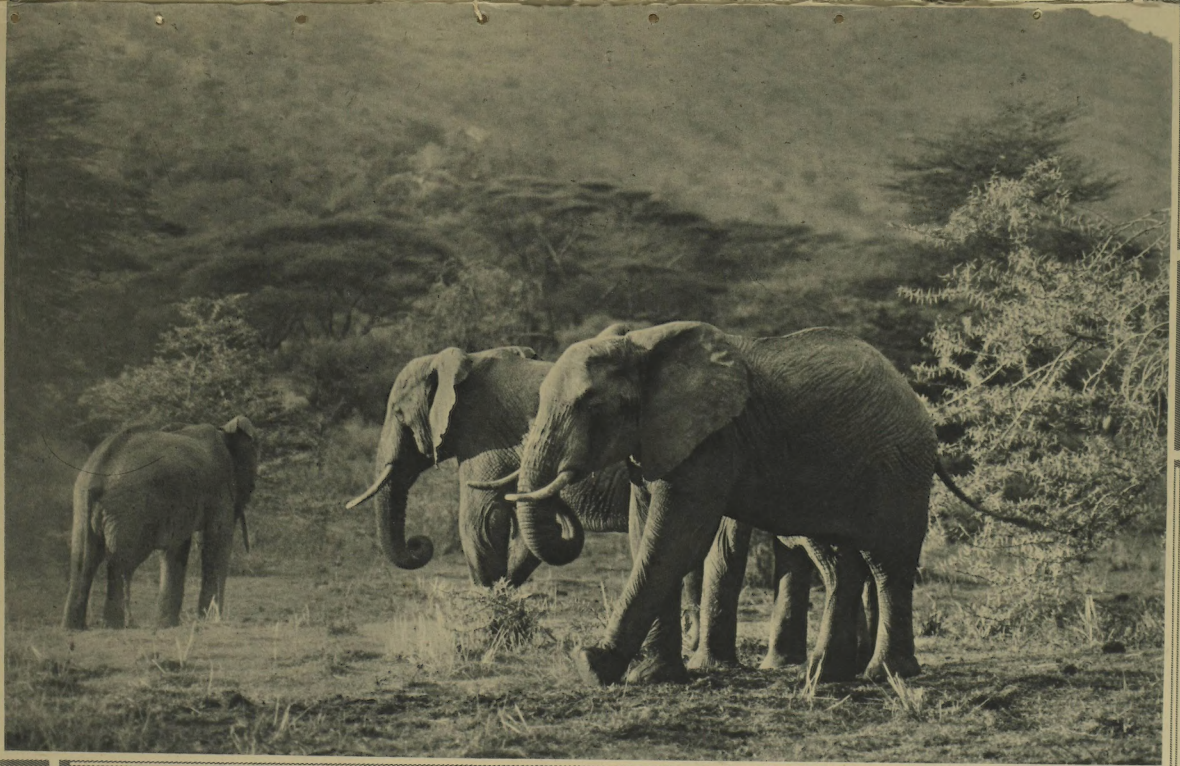
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN EAST AFRICA BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (COPYRIGHTED.)

Bloodless Stalking of Empire Fauna: Magnificent Close-Range Photographs of Wild Elephants.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN EAST AFRICA BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"BABY" THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE, AS AMONG HUMANKIND: A CHARMING FAMILY GROUP OF ELEPHANTS AT A WATER-HOLE, WITH AN OLD ONE (ON RIGHT) AFFECTIONATELY SQUIRTING WATER OVER A YOUNGSTER'S BACK, AND ANOTHER ELDER (EXTREME LEFT) SUCKING UP WATER, PERHAPS FOR A SIMILAR PURPOSE.



PRACTISING THE GOOSE-STEP? A BIG BULL ELEPHANT IN AN AMUSING ATTITUDE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT A RANGE OF 20-25 YARDS, WITH TWO OTHER BULLS BEYOND—A GROUP TAKEN AT A DRY SALT "LICK" WHERE THE ELEPHANTS SUCK UP THE DRY SALTED DUST WITH THEIR TRUNKS AND BLOW IT INTO THEIR MOUTHS.

In raising the question of Empire game-preservation (as noted on our front page), Lord Onslow said that, unless strict measures were taken to prevent wanton slaughter, under modern conditions the animals would have no chance and must disappear altogether. Special allusion was made to the practice of shooting from motor-cars in Tanganyika. The Colonial Secretary (Lord Passfield) said that this was a criminal offence and definitely against the law, but the difficulty had been to catch the culprits. Legislation was being introduced in Tanganyika, he added, under which anyone convicted could be imprisoned and the car with its equipment confiscated. The Tanganyika Government has

proclaimed part of the Serengeti plains, (on the Kenya border) as a game reserve, and a special game warden was sent to that district to protect the animals. In the field of bloodless stalking with the camera no one excels Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, of whose wonderful studies of elephants in their native haunts we give examples above, as well as on our front page and, in colour, on page 945. His equally fine photographs of lions, buffalo, giraffe, and rhinoceros have appeared in previous numbers. "No shot," he points out, "has ever been fired while I have been photographing." The elephant's love of salt is shown by the picture of bull elephants at a dry salt "lick" beside a stream.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A LITTLE while ago Mr. James Douglas addressed to a newspaper an appeal on the subject of Loneliness. He complained that the individual is isolated in England, in a sense unknown in most other countries, and demanded that something should be done at once to link up all these lonely individuals in a chain of sociability. My first feeling, I confess, was an overwhelming desire to do a bolt, like an escaping criminal, before the gigantic drag-nets of the *Daily Express* scheme for universal *camaraderie* had begun to sweep the countryside. My second thoughts and feelings were more just and sympathetic; but there remained in them a reflection that often does mingle with my reflections on contemporary hustle and publicity. It all seems to me very much behind the times.

I should have entirely agreed with the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, if he had made it thirty years ago. Nor is it I that have changed, but the world that has changed. But the world has changed so much, in the very direction that he desires, that I should not have imagined he had anything more to desire. It is now rather difficult in England to take a lonely walk, or to find a lonely road, or, for people living in a large circle of acquaintances, to spend a lonely evening. It is perfectly true that, not very long ago, the exaggeration in England was all the other way. English Society was largely paralysed by the combination of a gentility that was the dregs of aristocracy, and a Pharisaism that was the dregs of Puritanism. Even then the Puritanism could hardly be called Protestantism, in the sense of any personal or positive religion. It was simply the sour taste in the mouth left by the medicine, or poison, of seventeenth-century Calvinism. But it remained in the mouth, and even in the expression of the mouth. That mouth was well known to waiters, cabmen, porters, and all sorts of people, especially foreign people; and the mouth did undoubtedly express many things; pride and vainglory and blindness and hardness of heart, but especially hardness of hearing, and a resolution not to open it in anything resembling human conversation with other human beings. But thirty years ago this stupid self-sufficiency was not being blamed in the papers as the cause of loneliness. Thirty years ago it was being praised in the papers as the cause of Empire; as the strong Anglo-Saxon self-respect and self-reliance which had won the glorious battle for the Suez Canal, and explained our complete and marvellous success in Ireland. And when I suggested, in those days, that this was all nonsense, when I said that nobody can rule another race merely by shutting his own mouth and eyes and ears and heart to everything, I was derided in the sensational Press of those days as a Little Englander and a sentimental anarchist. Nevertheless, I thought then, and I think I was right in thinking then, that England suffered from the lack of that natural flow of intelligent talk and pleasant public manners that can be seen in the cities of the Continent. A café was a place where even strangers could talk;

and a club was a place where even friends could not talk.

I remember throwing out a fanciful suggestion, partly for fun, but partly for the sake of symbolism, which might well form a part of Mr. Douglas's great Campaign Against Solitude. I suggested that it would be a good thing for those isolated Victorian households if they had a Human Library for circulating human beings instead of books. I suggested that Mudie's Omnibus would call once a week, depositing two or three strangers at the door; who would be duly returned when they had been adequately studied. There was a list of rules, dealing with what should happen if somebody kept Miss Brown out too long, or returned Mr. Robinson in a damaged condition. I thought that the Human Circulating Library was a good notion in those days; and I still think it was a good notion—for those

he can endure no longer the Quakerish dullness of the long peace of Queen Victoria. It is like a man appearing suddenly in the streets of Bolshevik Moscow, and shouting aloud that he is going to put an end to the superstitious autocracy by blowing up the Czar. His remarks are forcible and perhaps even justifiable in themselves; but they do not seem to be fitted with any exactitude into the circumstances around him. If English people really are still frightened of Society and frozen into solitude, I am entirely on the side of the gentleman who wishes to make them more sociable. But I have a suspicion that what they are really likely to lose just now is not sociability, but solitude. And I am firmly and fanatically against their losing solitude. I am furiously and savagely opposed to being robbed of my own solitude. And it seems to me that the general trend of social life at present is rather to be a great deal too social, and to forget the real social uses of solitude.



"SAVIOUR OF FRANCE" IN THE DARKEST PERIOD OF THE WAR: THE LATE M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, THE FAMOUS FRENCH STATESMAN, WEARING THE WAR-TIME FORAGE-CAP IN WHICH HE WAS BURIED.

M. Georges Clemenceau, who died in Paris on November 24, at the age of eighty-eight, was regarded as "the saviour of France" through the indomitable courage with which he revived the national spirit after he became Premier in 1917, and formed his "Victory" Cabinet. He was born in La Vendée on September 28, 1841, and as a young man he qualified as a doctor. At the Revolution in 1870 he entered politics, and was elected to the National Assembly. He sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1876 to 1893, and again from 1902 onwards. In 1906 he became Minister of the Interior and, later in the same year, Prime Minister. He took an active part in the political controversies of his time, and founded several newspapers. After the Armistice he presided at the Peace Conference in Paris and signed the Treaty of Versailles. He resigned in 1920 after the failure of his candidature for the Presidency.

days. I think that an intermittent stream of strangers through the old Victorian home would have been a good thing—for the old Victorian home. But the difficulty nowadays is not even to keep the old Victorian home. It is to keep any sort of home at all. It is to get people to see how normal and necessary and enduring, in spite of all its Victorian abuses, is the idea of the family institution and possession. Large numbers of the new generation never go about except in nameless and nomadic crowds, and profess their readiness to live anyhow and for ever in huge homeless hostels and communal camps. In the middle of all this Mr. Douglas suddenly wakes up and cries aloud that he is in a wilderness. The jazz and the saxophones answer him, but he remains in his Victorian dream, following his Anti-Victorian vision. He may be in a wilderness, but it is certainly a howling wilderness. At any rate, it must be hard for him to believe that he is in a hermitage.

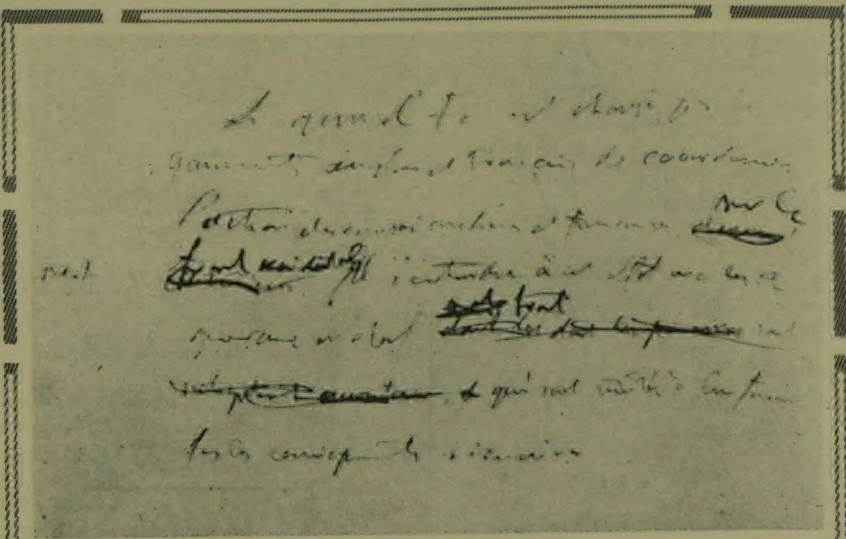
All this seems to me like a man coming to life in the middle of the Great War, and declaring that

sent merely temporary need to insist on the case for solitude.

What is the matter with the world to-day is that it is too much with us; too much with everybody. It will not leave a man long enough by himself for him to discover that he is himself. Therefore, we have a perpetual pouring of gifts from the State to the individual, but less and less given back by the individual to the State. This is hard on all humanity; but it is especially hard on the English. They are a nation of humourists, in the old sense; which is the very opposite of a nation of Society wits. Their wits have worked best upon poetry and leisurely fiction, which grow best in lives of quiet and detachment. And I do seriously think that Englishmen ought to make some fight for that right of ancient sanctuary, before it is broken down by the mere American herd-instinct. I have never been a Jingo, or uttered political boasts about the Splendid Isolation of England, but I would do a good deal to preserve the Splendid Isolation of the Englishman.

That is the advantage, if I may say so, of having for a philosophy a religion instead of a fashion. Those whose faith is only fashion always make the world much worse than it is. They always make men more solitary when they are too solitary. They always make men more sociable when they are too sociable. But I do not worship either solitude or sociability, and I am in a position of intellectual independence for the purpose of judging when either tendency goes too far. Puritanism made a man too individual, and had its horrible outcome in Individualism. Paganism makes a man too collective, and its extreme outcome is in Communism. But I am neither a Puritan nor a Pagan, and I have lived just long enough to see the whole of England practically transformed from Puritanism to Paganism. It is not surprising if the cure for the first is not exactly the same as the cure for the second. But there could not be a better example of the balance of a permanent philosophy than the present merely temporary need to insist on the case for solitude.

THE PASSING OF "THE TIGER": INCIDENTS OF M. CLEMENCEAU'S CAREER.



THE HISTORIC MINUTE DRAFTED BY M. CLEMENCEAU AT DOULLENS ON MARCH 26, 1918, APPOINTING FOCH GENERALISSIMO: "GENERAL F. IS INSTRUCTED BY THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH GOVERNMENTS TO CO-ORDINATE THE ACTION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES ON THE WESTERN FRONT. HE WILL ACT IN CONCERT WITH THE TWO GENERALS-IN-CHIEF..."



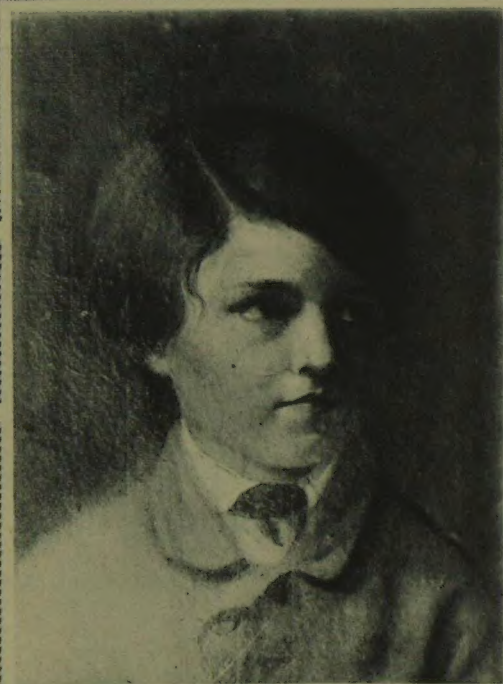
THE TIGER'S "LAIR" IN HIS NATIVE PROVINCE: M. CLEMENCEAU'S COUNTRY BUNGALOW AT ST. VINCENT DU JARD, IN LA VENDEE, WHERE HE SPENT MUCH TIME IN LITERARY WORK DURING HIS LAST YEARS.



THE TWO FRENCHMEN WHO BETWEEN THEM SAVED THEIR COUNTRY AND ACHIEVED VICTORY: M. CLEMENCEAU AND MARSHAL FOCH AT VILLERS-BRETONNEUX DURING THE WAR.



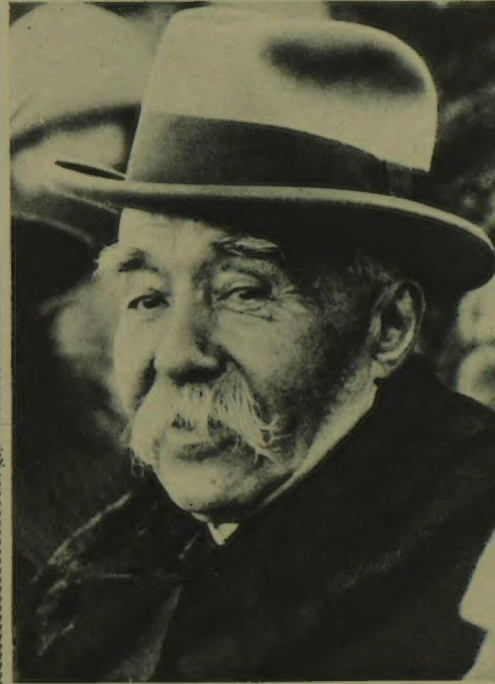
THE LAST JOURNEY: CARRYING THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF M. CLEMENCEAU FROM HIS PARIS HOME IN THE RUE FRANKLIN TO A MOTOR-HEARSE FOR CONVEYANCE TO LA VENDEE.



THE CHILDHOOD OF A GREAT FRENCH PATRIOT: A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU AS A LITTLE BOY.



AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY, IN 1911, WHEN HE WAS WARNING FRANCE AGAINST GERMANY: A BUST OF M. CLEMENCEAU, BY DALOU.

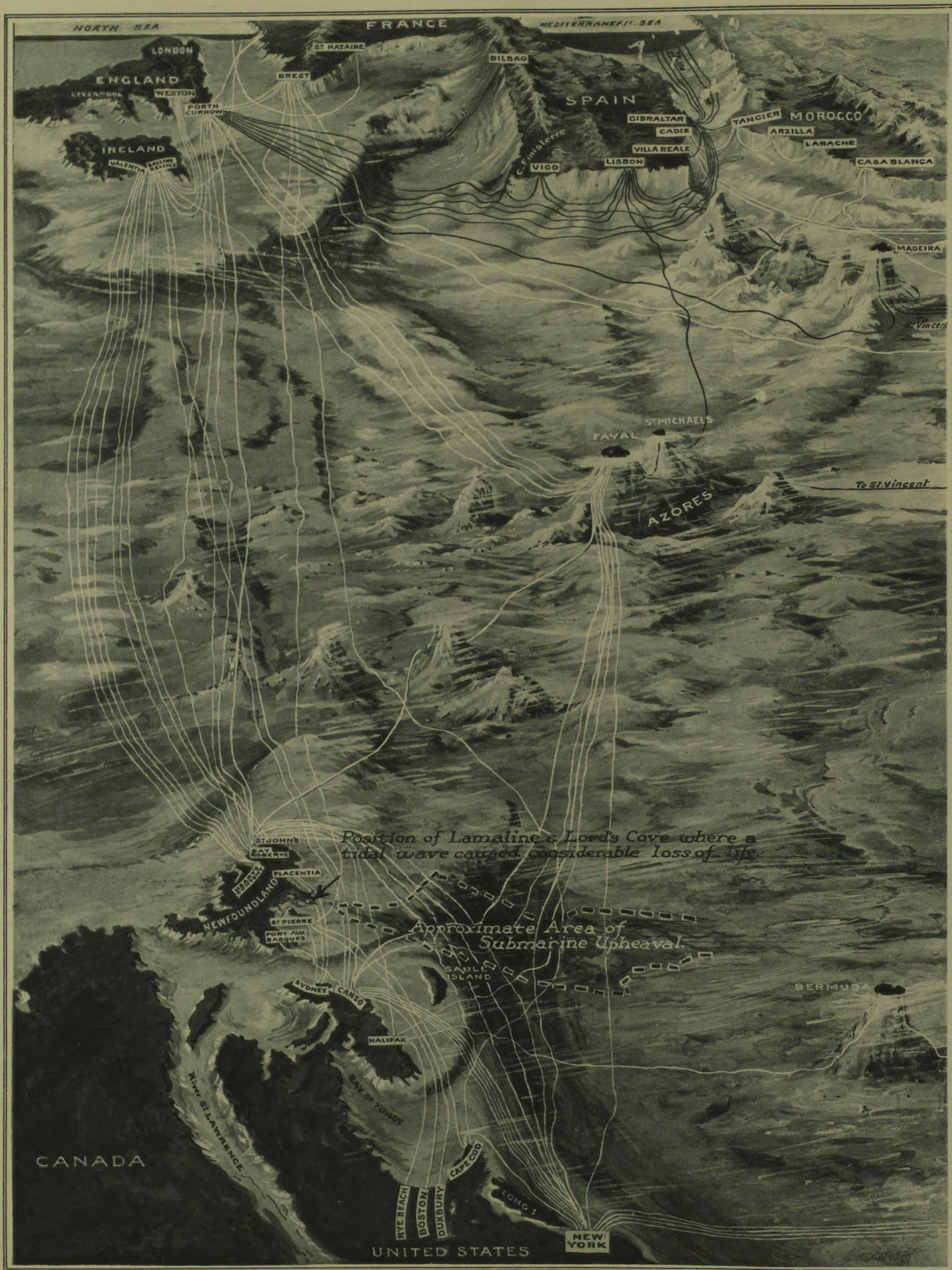


IN THE EVENING OF HIS DAYS: THE GRAND OLD MAN OF FRANCE—A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE LATE M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

By his own express wish, M. Clemenceau was not given a State funeral, but his death was felt throughout France as a national loss. On November 25, the day after his death, the coffin was removed from his flat in the Rue Franklin, Paris, and conveyed by motor-hearse across country to a lonely hillside in La Vendée, his native district, which he had chosen as his place of burial beside his father's grave. The interment took place on land that had belonged to M. Clemenceau's ancestors, at a farm called "Le Colombier," several miles from the village of Mouchamps. The grave was barely three feet deep, owing, it is said, to the rocky nature of the ground, and the coffin was laid flat, and not in the upright position,

as had been anticipated. In accordance with M. Clemenceau's wishes, his body had been dressed in a grey sporting suit, and on his head was placed his favourite forage cap. Only members of the family and his staff and personal servants attended the actual burial, and there was no ceremony or speechmaking. On the day of the funeral, the French Government ordered all flags to be flown at half-mast, and salvoes to be fired throughout France from naval and military batteries and from the Armistice battery at the Invalides. It was also arranged that, on the following Sunday, there should be a memorial procession of war veterans at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Paris.

"WHERE THE SHELL-BURRED CABLES CREEP": THE ATLANTIC BED.



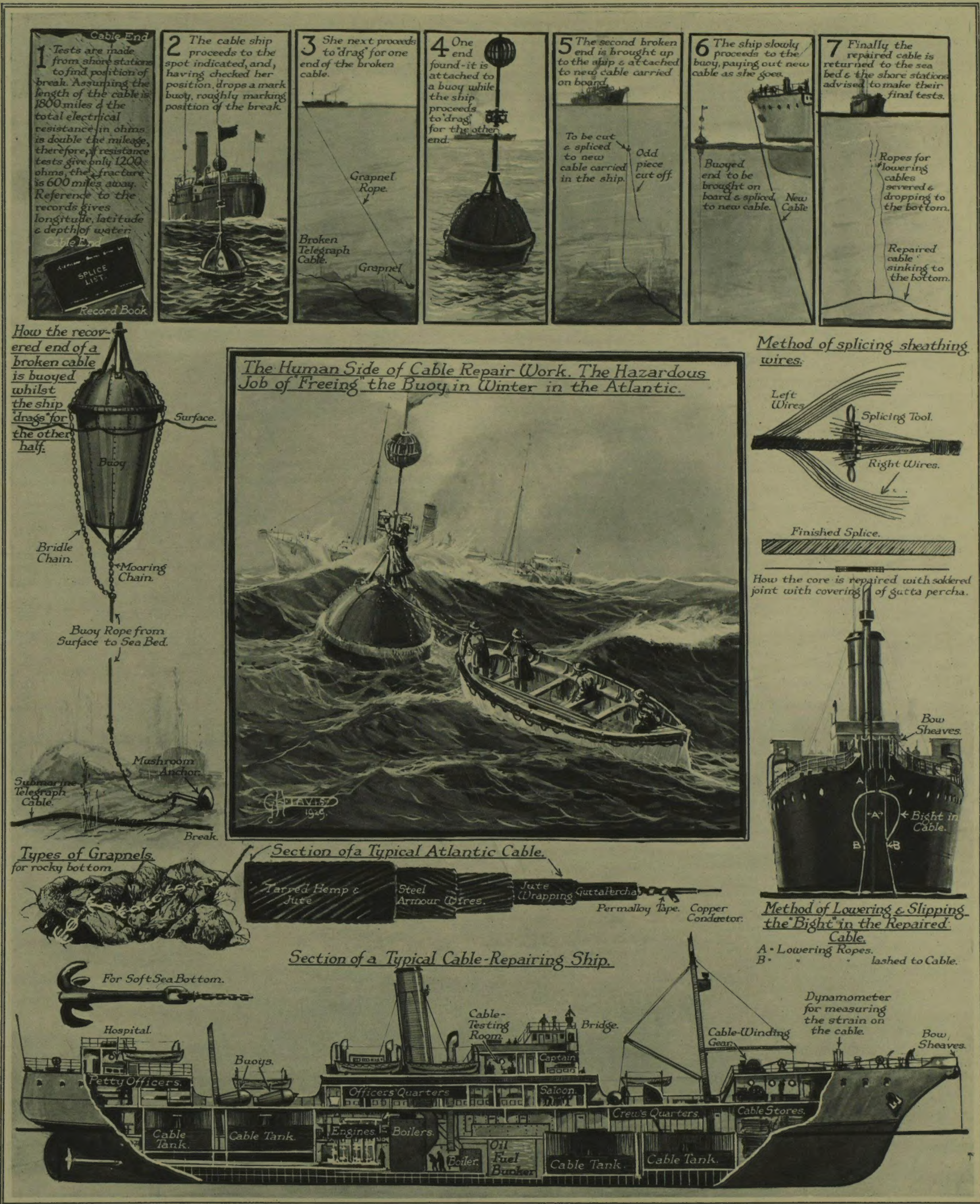
SHOWING THE LOCALITY OF THE RECENT SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE THAT CAUSED TIDAL WAVES IN NEWFOUNDLAND, BROKE CABLES, AND ROCKED SHIPS AT SEA: A PICTORIAL MAP OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN FLOOR.

The submarine earthquake which on November 18 shook the North Atlantic sea floor was reported to be the heaviest on record. A tidal-wave fifteen feet high swept the water front of Burin, Newfoundland, carrying away sixteen houses and causing the loss of nine lives, while much the same thing happened at Lamaline, Lord's Cove, and Port-au-Bras. Altogether, thirty-four lives were lost, mostly women and children, as the men were out with the fishing fleet, which narrowly escaped destruction in the heavy sea. There was general devastation in the St. Lawrence district, many people being rendered homeless.

As noted on page 931 of this number, twelve out of twenty-one Transatlantic cables were broken, and repair-ships set out at once. Halifax in Nova Scotia and St. John's in Newfoundland were badly shaken, and the shock was felt all along the New England coast. Out at sea, several ships had remarkable experiences. The "Olympic" was so shaken that the captain thought she had dropped a propeller or struck a derelict, and the "Caledonia" was similarly affected. The "Labelle County," a Norwegian steamer, was sighted with her funnel gone, but refused assistance from the "Caledonia."

MENDING EARTHQUAKE-TORN ATLANTIC CABLES: METHODS AND TOOLS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW THE ATLANTIC CABLES BROKEN BY THE SUBMARINE EARTHQUAKE ARE REPAIRED: PERILOUS WORK IN WINTER.

The recent submarine earthquake in the Atlantic Ocean dislocated twelve of the twenty-one cables between Britain and North America, seriously interrupting communications and necessitating immediate operations for renewing the services. Numerous cable-ships are now engaged on the repair work—all the more difficult and hazardous owing to winter weather. Tests have already been made from the shore ends, and the position of the breakages located. The method of locating the break is simply explained on the drawing (No. 1), the mileage being half that of the electrical resistance in ohms (electrical measurement). The Detailed Record, or Splice List, made when the cable was laid, gives the type of cable at the point of damage, the latitude and longitude, and the depth of water. The cable-ship commences to "drag" with a grapnel for the broken cable, steaming backwards and forwards on a course at right angles to

the cable's track. When one end is fished up, this is attached to a buoyed rope, and replaced on the sea-bed. The ship then fishes for the other broken end. When this is brought up, fresh cable from the ship's cable tanks is spliced on, and the ship slowly proceeds to the buoy which marks the first end recovered, paying out new cable as she goes. Both ends are next brought aboard, the piece of new cable is spliced into the first end, and the cable then put back again. The lowering operation is made by attaching to the cable two ropes, which are paid out over the bow sheaves; then, when the cable is nearly at the bottom, these supporting ropes are cut on the ship's deck, and the cable sinks finally to the bottom. The cable stations at the two shore ends again make their tests, and, finally, report to the ship by radio that all is well, and once more the cable is ready for work.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING THE ROCK-LOBSTER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE long been awaiting an opportunity to examine at close quarters that most extraordinary creature, the rock-lobster, known also as the spiny-lobster and the sea-crawfish (*Palinurus vulgaris*), and in France as the *langouste*. A day or two ago, this long-awaited opportunity came to me, and naturally I began to compare it with its better-known and more delicately flavoured cousin, the "common lobster," which, however, really belongs to a distinct genus. But this by the way. Between these two animals I find so many striking points of difference that I hardly know where to begin my description, nor can I hope to complete it in a single essay. And many of the differences, curiously enough, seem to be ignored by the text-books, or to be no more than vaguely hinted at.

Surely the first thing to attract one's attention on seeing the spiny-lobster alive, in, say, the wonderful aquarium at the "Zoo," or at Plymouth, is the enormous length of the antennæ. In the photograph (Fig. 2), they have had to be turned backwards, but when the animal is crawling about they can be turned in all directions, and a wonderful reach they have. Having duly admired these "feelers," one would probably draw attention to the spiny character of the shell, and more especially to the great three-cornered spines behind the stalked eyes,

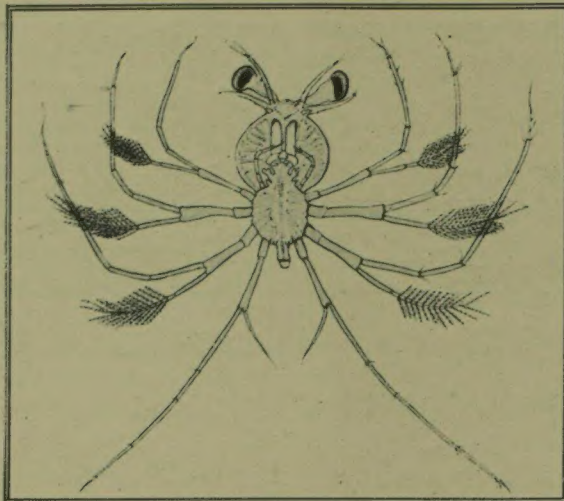


FIG. 1. A LARVAL STAGE OF THE ROCK-LOBSTER.

All the Crustacea in the course of their development pass through a series of quite distinct stages, often differing from one another in the most surprising way. This "phyllosoma" stage is one of extraordinary interest. It is extremely flattened, and almost transparent. At one time it was regarded as a distinct adult species of Crustacea. That this should finally develop into a rock-lobster seems hardly credible, so profoundly do they differ.

different in shape, forming the broad, flat, oblong lobes seen in Fig. 3. And now we come to the tail, which is much more interesting than it would appear to be at first sight. In Fig. 2 it will be seen that this is formed of a central plate, bounded on either side by a pair of lateral plates, mounted on a common base. These lateral plates are really specially modified "swimmerets." All the lobsters, prawns, and shrimps have the tail-fan formed after this fashion.

I have purposely avoided giving anything more than the broad, general differences which obtain between the rock-lobster and the common lobster. A more minute comparison would be wearisome. Merely as differences, they may not seem to amount to much. But they assume a very different aspect when we come to ask why they have come into being. The answer to that question has yet to be discovered.

That there is a wide difference between these two crustaceans in the matter of their choice of food, the means of discovering it, and of the method of dealing with it when captured, goes without saying, though as yet little or nothing has been recorded that will throw any light on this subject. The enormous length of the antennæ, and the peculiar character of the "big-claws" in the rock-lobster, are in themselves evidence of feeding habits very different from those of the common lobster.

We know next to nothing of that marvellous world beneath the surface of the great wide sea. We draw up creatures of the strangest shape and qualities, all of which have been living in the same crowded waterways; but we can only very imperfectly divine the nature of the inter-relationships between them.

In considering this problem, we have to note that the spiny- or rock-lobster, though common in the Mediterranean, is only found in Britain on the south and west coasts, where it is very abundant amongst the rocks in deep water. The common lobster, on the other hand, has a much more northerly range, and keeps more inshore. Having regard to the fact that it is tempted to its destruction by a bait of stale fish, we may assume that it is something of a scavenger. The spiny-lobster seems to feed largely on mollusca. I regret that I have no space left wherein to describe the extraordinary features of the spiny-lobster as a "larva," and must content myself with a picture only (Fig. 1). Its strange story I must tell another time.



FIG. 2. THE ROCK-LOBSTER, OR SPINY-LOBSTER.

The enormous length of the antennæ (A) and the extremely spinous character of the carapace of the shell are the most arresting features of this creature. The spines guarding the eyes are very large (B). The external pair of foot-jaws (C), seen in front of the big-claws, are conspicuously long. The "nippers" of the big claws are very different from those of the common lobster. The other letters indicate: (D) movable limb of nippers; (E) fixed portion of nippers; (F) lateral plates of tail-fan, which are modified swimmerets.

and towering above them. Its colour, too, is striking, being of a bright orange, or sometimes red with white markings; wherein again it differs from the smooth and beautifully mottled blue of the common lobster; though to most people the proper colour for a lobster is bright red, a hue which overspreads the luckless creature only after it has been boiled!

There is yet another point, and a very important one, wherein the two differ. The spiny-lobster lacks those formidable "big-claws" which afford such delicious meat in its rival of the *post-mortem* red jacket. Or, rather, they seem to be lacking, but they are here, though disguised by their great length and relative slenderness, and they terminate in a very curious way. In the common lobster, it will be remembered, those two "big-claws" have a strangely odd appearance, for the "nippers" which, as the fishermen know, are formidable weapons, differ markedly in shape on the right and left sides. The right is the larger, and has its movable segment armed with three blunt knobs, opposed to similar knobs on the fixed part of the "nipper." They are *crushing* nippers. The edges of the opposite pair are finely serrated, and used for *tearing*. In the rock-lobster, shown in Fig. 2, the fixed portion of the nipper forms a big triangular spine, while the freely movable portion opposed to it is quite small. From this we may safely gather that the feeding habits of the two animals are very different.

Between the two "big-claws" a pair of slender leg-like appendages will be seen (Fig 3), each having a bifid tip. These are the external "maxillipeds" or

"foot-jaws," their bases being opposed to one another to form one of the several pairs of jaws for mastication. In the common lobster, these are quite inconspicuous, and composed of a number of short segments. Again we have evidence of decidedly different feeding habits.

We come now to the walking legs. In the common lobster all but the last pair terminate in a pair of small nippers. In the rock-lobster, the last pair may bear nippers, but only in the female. In the common lobster, the walking-legs are succeeded by five pairs of "swimmerets," forming on each side a pair of small, slender, curved segments mounted on a jointed base. In the female, these are used to carry the eggs or "berry." But in the rock-lobster, they are profoundly

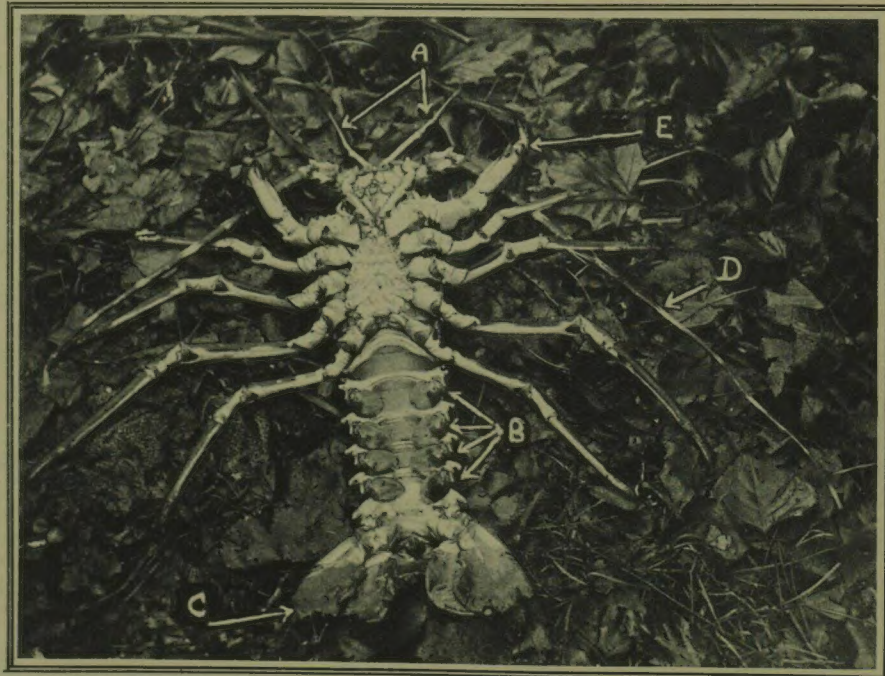
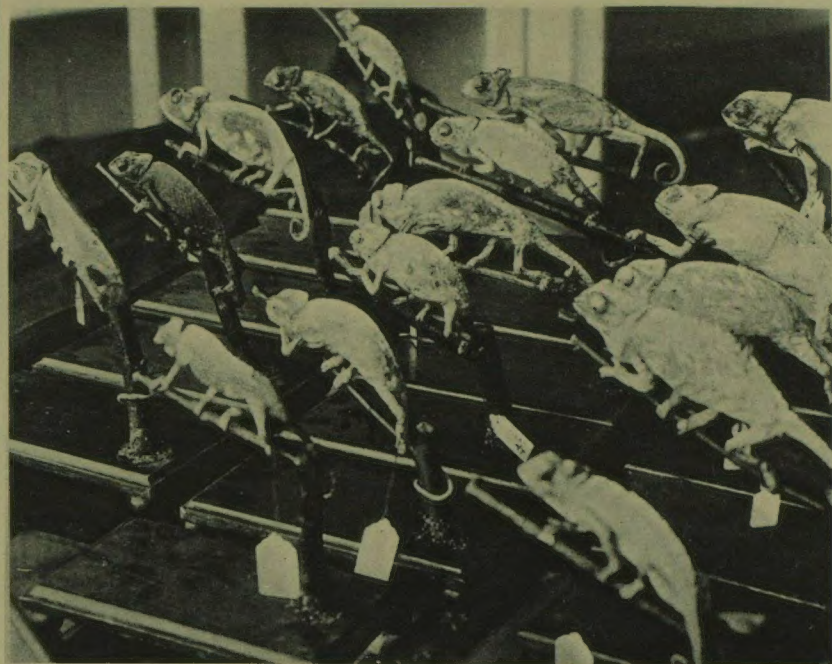


FIG. 3. THE UNDER-SURFACE OF THE ROCK-LOBSTER.

Here the extremely long external pair of foot-jaws (A) are clearly seen. The swimmerets (B) take the form of leaf-like appendages, very different from the flagellate form they present in the common lobster and other related types. The last pair of swimmerets has been transformed to form the outer blades of the tail-fan (C). The other letters indicate: (D) antenna; (E) nippers.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STUFFING: PARAFFIN FOR ANIMAL PRESERVATION.



CHAMELEONS PRESERVED BY THE METHOD OF PARAFFIN INJECTION INVENTED BY DR. HOCHSTETTER: A GROUP OF SPECIMENS SHOWING THE REMARKABLY LIFE-LIKE EFFECT OBTAINED BY PLACING THEM IN NATURAL ATTITUDES.



TESTING AND MOUNTING (ON WOODEN STANDS) THOSE SPECIMENS WHICH HAVE KEPT THEIR MOST NATURAL ATTITUDES AFTER THE PARAFFIN PROCESS: WOMEN ASSISTANTS AT WORK.



A STAGE IN THE PRESERVING PROCESS: REPTILES (ABOVE) AND STARFISH (BELOW) PLACED IN BATHS TO UNDERGO CERTAIN CHANGES TO PROTECT THEM FROM EXTERNAL INFLUENCES.



REMOVING THE INNER ORGANS OF A PIKE FOR PURPOSES OF OBSERVATION: A PROCESS THAT TAKES PLACE AFTER THE INJECTION OF PARAFFIN, WHICH PRESERVES THE NATURAL COLORATION.

German chemists have lately devised some remarkable methods of preserving bodies, as shown, for example, in the "Transparent Man," from the Museum of Hygiene at Dresden, recently placed on view in the New Health Society's Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster. The photographs given above illustrate another new process, used in the preparation of museum specimens. "Specimens of stuffed animals," says a German writer, "soon decay owing to the effects of atmosphere, and those preserved in alcohol are not much good either. A great advance in animal preservation has been made in Berlin by

the Viennese professor Dr. F. Hochstetter, who has inaugurated a method of paraffin injection. This method keeps the various organs in their natural coloration, as the paraffin takes the place of water. The principle has been known to microscopy for many years. The soft parts are first put in a solution of formalin, which gives them a certain hardness, increased by a series of baths in alcohol, which removes the water. Eventually they are quite immersed in paraffin. Nothing is taken out of the creatures prepared by this method. The specimens are extraordinarily life-like both in their colour and attitude. The great advantage of this method is that, years afterwards, the organs of animals thus prepared can be examined successfully by the microscope, and in the future, when the original species of animals are no more to be seen in their living form, they will be on view in this preserved condition."

AN AMAZING PALÆOLITHIC "POMPEII" IN MORAVIA: II.

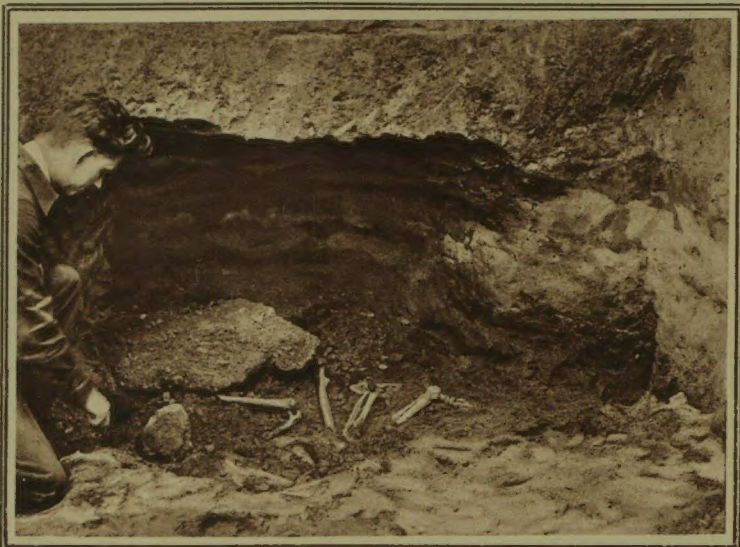
REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

By Professor Dr. KARL ABSOLON, of the University of Prague, Curator of the Moravian Government Museum in Brno (Brünn), and Chief Discoverer of the Prehistoric Remains in Moravia. (Continued from our Issue of Nov. 23.)

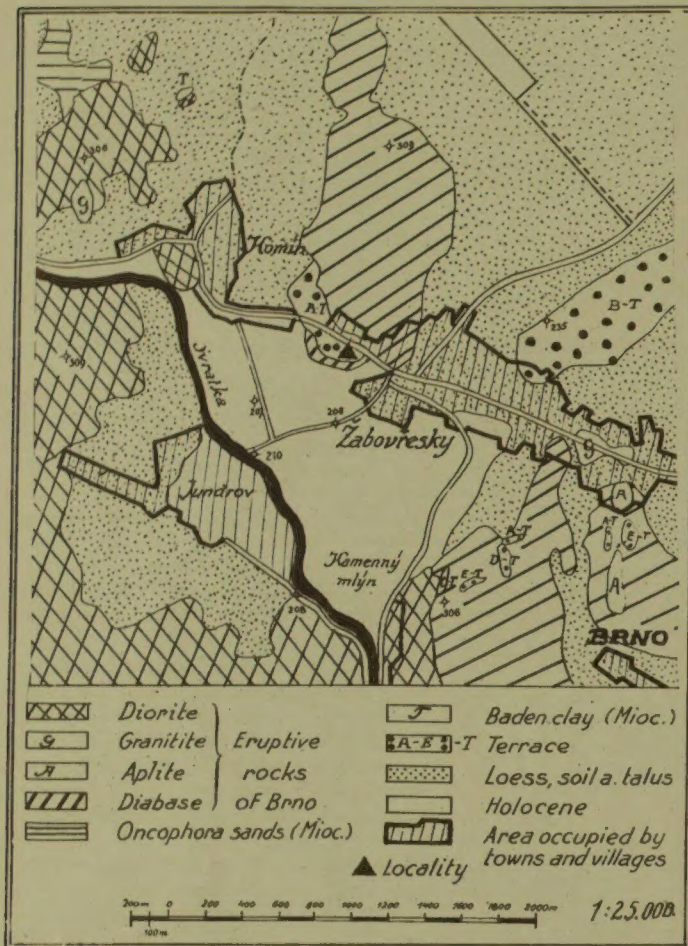
SUCH an extensive discovery of mammoth-bones provides the comparative anatomist with the means of making a great contribution to our knowledge of the osteology, size, and form of the mammoth,

kneading—half-made figures, and cylinders not unlike the cakes and other objects made by children out of mud. It was certainly by chance,

during rain, that the hunter discovered this material, and I am sure that examples of it will yet be found in Russian and Asiatic stations. It is curious that the mammoth-hunter, after finding this material, did not think of making from it "clay" objects like pots and bowls, which were not invented until long millenniums later, by Neolithic man. The statuettes represent animals: a bear (Fig. 21), a reindeer (Fig. 22), an owl, etc., or, in some cases, men and women. My chief prize among them is a statuette of "Venus" which is 111 mm. in length (page 936.) She has long, hanging breasts, but, in contrast to a great majority of Aurignacian statuettes of Venus found elsewhere, she is neither steatopygous, like the Venus of Lespugue, in France (Boule, St. Perrier), nor brutally formed like the Venus of Willendorf, near Vienna (Obermaier), but in anatomy and in proportion is well conceived, a real jewel of Palæolithic art. It is interesting to note that the face is not indicated; long, narrow slits remind us of a knight's head with visored face (Fig.



18. THE FINDING OF "BRNO III.": THE SITE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE SKELETON OF A CROMAGNON WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN BURIED DELIBERATELY IN THE ZABOVRESKY SUBURB OF BRÜNN.



17. THE FINDING OF THE COMPLETE, RED-PAINTED SKELETON OF A WOMAN OF THE CROMAGNON GROUP: A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE ZABOVRESKY SUBURB OF BRNO (BRÜNN), WHERE THE REMAINS OF "THE FOSSIL MAN, 'BRNO III.'" WERE UNEARTHED FROM THE LOESS.

which reached, in some cases, a size much bigger than we think. Using this material, I have attempted to reconstruct a mammoth in full size and natural appearance (Figs. 33, 34, 35).

The stone industry need not be specially described in this article. On the other hand, I cannot but mention a find unique in the annals of Palæolithic discovery. I succeeded in finding at Předmostí in 1927 a revelatory laboratory, or workshop, in which the diluvial hunter made his tools: a large-sized stone anvil (24), a smaller stone anvil studded with cup-like cavities, stone hammers, and a fine hammer-stone; around these lay many jasper flakes, beautiful jasper cores, and finished jasper tools.

Of greater interest are the objects of art—statuettes made of special material. Charred and powdered bones, and also mammoth ivory in a similar state, were mixed with clay, so as to form a special modelling paste, out of which the diluvial artist modelled various objects. At first sight the figures seem to be made of clay, but a chemical examination proved them to be of silicised and carbonised powdered bone. Often we found also raw material of this mixture, which showed traces of

27). All statuettes of such Venuses found in Central or Western Europe have no faces; their legs and arms are scamped; breasts and hips, on the other hand, are strongly accentuated. A short time ago, however,

an Aurignacian statuette was discovered in Siberia (Gerassimov), with face indicated. The "Venus of

Věstonice" is interesting also because she has on her head four small holes (Fig. 30) in which, probably, feathers of birds were stuck, as we see in African fetishes. By a strange chance, we found in 1927 in the Pekárna Cave another statuette of Venus, made of ivory, which is so formalised that only an expert can tell what it represents (Fig. 31). It is, therefore, of very great interest from a theoretical point of view. The head and the neck form one rod; the legs and the arms are also entirely neglected; the buttocks, on the contrary, are strongly emphasised. (Compare Albert Churchward: "Origin and Evolution of the Human Race," p. 389, or p. 392, Steatopygous Woman, etc.)

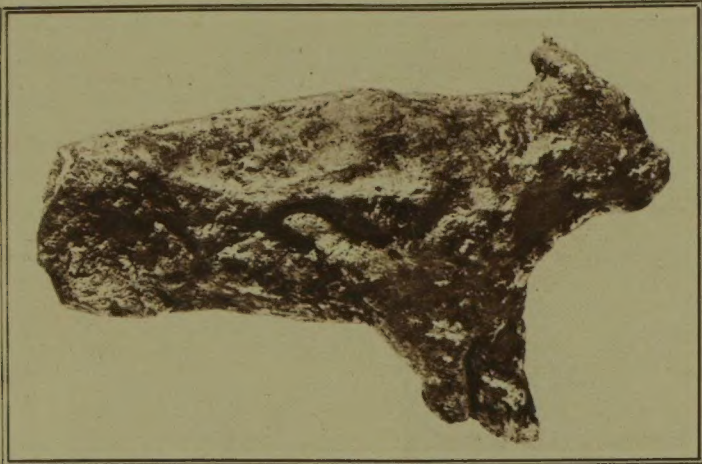
We found also various forms of necklaces made of pierced teeth of foxes, lions, wolves, and of pierced Tertiary shells. Of interest also are small toilet slabs; that is, flat stones with appropriate rubbing-pestles shaped like ducks' eggs and



20. "BRNO III.": THE SKULL, WHICH IS SO COMPLETE THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO MAKE A CAST OF THE BRAIN-CAVITY.

"The general shape, the impressions of the muscles, the dimensions, grinding of the teeth, and the preservation of the sutures indicate that the skull is that of a middle-aged, muscular woman—between 35 and 45 years of age. . . . It adds one to the number of skulls of the so-called Cromagnon group."

of the same size, used for rubbing-up and mixing pigments—red, yellow, or white. This makes us believe that in diluvial times the mammoth-hunters painted their bodies like the wild Australian tribes



21. AN OBJECT OF ART MODELLED IN A PASTE MADE OF CHARRED AND POWDERED ANIMAL-BONE MIXED WITH CLAY: A BEAR MADE BY PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF MORAVIA.

at their corroborees. (Compare Sir Baldwin Spencer's and F. J. Gillen's work: "The Arunta: A Study of a Stone Age People.") In one case we found what represents a lipstick, painted red all over, used by the hunters to apply ochre to their faces. Big lumps of white, red, and yellow pigments are scattered in the fireplaces, always in considerable quantities. Evidently the diluvial hunters had no need to be economical in their use of painting materials.

In 1927 we found at Věstonice, at the greatest depth at which the cultural layer has so far been reached (namely, 6 metres), a spring which must

being built in Brno, we find Palæolithic deposits where their foundations are dug. In the Central Cemetery of Brno there is a Palæolithic layer stretching along among the graves. From time to time we search this layer for examples of stone implements.

Brno has been known in scientific literature since the discovery in 1891 of two human skeletons, quoted as the "Brno (Brünn) Race." (A. Keith: "Antiquity of Man, 1925," p. 103; V. J. Sollas: "Ancient Hunters, 1924," p. 349; A. Macalister: "A Text-book of European Archaeology," p. 374; R. Munro: "Palæolithic Man and Terra-mara Settlement in Europe," pp. 65, 109, etc.) Only the skulls showed specific characteristics. Therefore, the discovery made on May 4, 1927, is very important (17). We found in a Brno suburb, called "Zabovřesky" in a deposit of loess (19) of known geological age—determined by a commission of experts—a complete skeleton of a woman of the Brno Race, deliberately buried (18), and painted intensely red. We succeeded in making a perfect restoration (20), so that we even got a cast of the brain-cavity. The skeleton is being examined by the famous anthropologist, Professor J. Matiegka, of Prague.

The skull of the fossil skeleton Brno III. was comparatively very well preserved (20). Superficially almost the whole skull is coloured red, corroded on the surface and, therefore, rough. The general shape, the impressions of the muscles, the dimensions, grinding of the teeth, and the preservation of the

molars (as in the skulls from Předmostí), produced by carrying pebbles in the mouth as thirst-quenchers.

All objects that were not of stone or bone had undergone complete decay, and blackened the place in the cultural stratum in which they lay. Such was the fate, for instance, of all wooden or leathern objects, the numbers of which must have been enormous. Objects found in Moravian stations show that the mammoth-hunters lived in tents or huts in large open encampments, like the North-American Red Indians. This life in the open proves that it occurred during a warm or temperate period, and, therefore, in our country, Aurignacian culture has a limited representation in caves compared with the rich representation in open loess stations.



22. AN OBJECT OF ART MODELLED IN BONE-AND-CLAY PASTE BY THE PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH-HUNTERS: A REINDEER.

The epoch which followed, however (the Magdalenian), is confined to caves. In Moravia there is no Solutrean or Proto-solutrean. The Aurignacian layer is followed immediately by an overlying layer which is conspicuous by an almost complete absence of mammoths; by the time of its deposition they must have been nearing extinction and were substituted by countless wild horses and reindeer. Remains of these two animals show that immense numbers must have been killed. Accordingly, the industry undergoes a complete change. All at once, on the overlying Magdalenian stratum, we find bone implements without number. Nothing of this culture exists in the open stations. Theoretically, there is no Magdalenian layer in the loess of Moravia. The stone industry of the Magdalenian period shows a striking likeness to that of the Aurignacian; indeed, in some cases it is impossible to tell the one from the other. Implements are the same in both epochs. In this respect they represent two sub-cultures of one greater culture or civilisation. On the whole, of course, the Moravian Magdalenian shows a decadence of stone implements. The reindeer-hunters neglected stone industry while they favoured bone products. In Moravia everything goes to prove that the reindeer-hunters were the same people—merely a later generation of mammoth-hunters, who inherited from their forerunners their whole culture, but were all of a sudden compelled to live under different climatic conditions. The last Glacial epoch came and drove the hunters to the caves. It made them change entirely their mode of living. Our research has proved that the duration of Palæolithic cultures in Central Europe



23. SUGGESTING THAT THE STONE-AGE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF MORAVIA PRACTISED CANNIBALISM: A FEMUR OF THE HUMAN SKELETON FOUND AT PŘEDMOST—A BONE WHICH BEARS SIGNS THAT THE FLESH HAS BEEN SCRAPED OFF WITH A SHARP STONE KNIFE, AND ALSO SHOWS TRANSVERSE KNIFE-CUTS. (½ NATURAL SIZE.)

have played a very important part in the life of the mammoth-hunters, as we can infer from the appearance of the whole surroundings. Stone plates, unburned mammoth-bones and teeth—the best palæontological material in this respect of all the masses of bones discovered at Věstonice—were all certainly connected with the spring, at which the hunters washed their meat. The place is interesting because round this supply of water there was a layer of cultural objects, but not a trace of ashes. Yet here there was a large working floor for the manufacture of stone tools with the biggest nuclei (flint cores) found as yet at Věstonice—one piece is 1.2 kilograms in weight. There is no doubt that this tribe of mammoth-hunters must have been very strong; yet it is a very rare event to find remains of human skeletons. It has been proved that the mammoth-hunters buried their dead: we know that from a common grave discovered by Maška at Předmostí in 1894, and described by Sir Arthur Keith and myself (*The Illustrated London News*, No. 4515). We know that also from other discoveries. In 1927 we found at Věstonice a child's grave: remains of the skeleton, painted red, were covered by a huge mammoth shoulder-blade bone, and by the side of the skeleton lay a beautiful necklace of pierced teeth of the Arctic fox, which were arranged crosswise over one another. By a lucky chance, the greater part of this necklace was preserved: the ends were burned on an adjoining hearth. I must emphasise the fact that at Věstonice, in spite of six years of labour, we are still moving on the outskirts of the main settlement, and we may, therefore, expect that a common burial-ground will still be discovered. The skeletons will probably be covered with mammoth shoulder-blade bones and lower jaw-bones, as at Předmostí. At Předmostí we found in August, 1928, a human skeleton: the thigh-bones show traces of cannibalism; the flesh has been cut off them by a sharp tool, a stone knife; the bones have been scratched by the same tool (23). The most important discovery I have to record was made in Brno itself—by accident. When new houses are

sutures indicate that the skull is that of a middle-aged, muscular woman—between 35 and 45 years of age). The skull is comparatively long (dolichocephalic) and high (hypsicephalic), with long face (leptoprosopic), orbits and nose of medium dimensions. It adds one to the number of skulls of the so-called Cromagnon group. We may say that the skull Brno III. bears the strongest resemblance to the skulls from Combe Capelle and Mladeč I. In its cranial portion it is also similar to the skull Brno II.,



24. USED BY THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS FOR THE MAKING OF THEIR TOOLS: A LARGE-SIZED STONE ANVIL AND HAMMER-STONES FOUND IN A PREHISTORIC WORKSHOP AT PŘEDMOST. (½ NATURAL SIZE.)

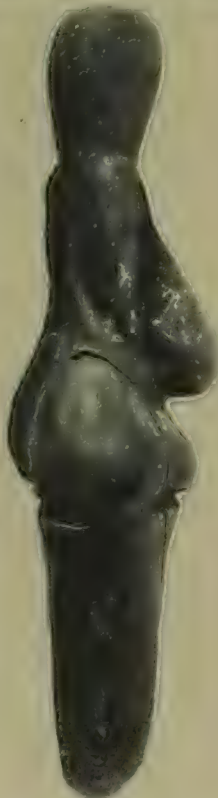
and in certain features to the skulls from Předmostí, especially to the female examples. But in some characteristics it differs from all these skulls. An interesting point of ethnological importance is the grinding of the buccal side of the first and second

must be considered much longer than in England. (See A. Keith.) Roughly speaking, the Aurignacian epoch may be estimated as extending over some 40,000 years, and the Magdalenian over 45,000 years (Soergel). (To be continued.)

THE VENUS OF VĚSTONICE—FACELESS AND "VISORED." A GEM OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS' ART, IN POWDERED BONE AND CLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. KARL ABSOLON. (COPYRIGHTED.)

Among the more "human" of Dr. Absolon's remarkable "finds" were a number of objects of art made by the mammoth-hunters of the Early Stone Age in Moravia. For the most part, these consist of statuettes. At first sight, the figures were thought to be of clay, but chemical and other examination showed that, in reality, they are of charred and powdered bones (including mammoth-bones) mixed with clay so as to form a special modelling paste. As Dr. Absolon says, it would be interesting to know how these prehistoric people came to manufacture and employ this particular material, and he concludes, without doubt currently, that it was revealed to them accidentally, during rain. He is certain that other cases of its use will be found in prehistoric Russian and Asiatic settlements. He adds, also, the point that it is distinctly curious that the mammoth-hunters, having "invented" such a plastic material, should not have constructed such things as pots and bowls, which were not fashioned until many millenniums later.



25. A SIDE VIEW OF THE VENUS—TO SHOW THE BIG HIPS AND BREASTS.



26. A FRONT VIEW—TO SHOW THE "VISORED," FACELESS HEAD, AND THE BREASTS AND HIPS.



27. THE HEAD OF THE VENUS OF VĚSTONICE—WITH FACE UNINDICATED AND NARROW SLITS SUGGESTING THE VISORED HEAD OF A KNIGHT.



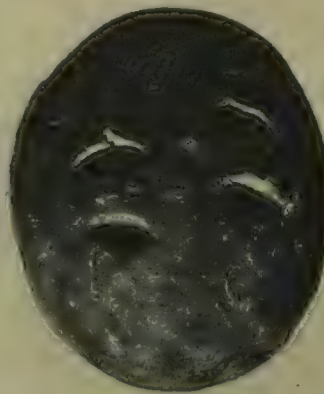
28. A SIDE VIEW OF THE VENUS, WHICH IS OF POWDERED BONE MIXED WITH CLAY.



29. A BACK VIEW OF THE VENUS—A STATUETTE WHICH IS 111 MILLIMETRES LONG.

The statuette which Dr. Absolon calls "The Venus of Věstonice" is of very extraordinary interest, as the photographs given on this page bear witness. It is in the modelling paste made of a mixture of powdered bone and clay, and, therefore, is in sharp contrast to the "Venus" shown in Photograph 31, which is in ivory. The Věstonice Venus, which is 111 millimetres in length, has, it will be noted, pendulous breasts, but, unlike the majority of the Aurignacian statuettes of "Venus" found elsewhere, she is neither steatopygous, like the "Venus" of Lespugue, in France, nor brutally formed like the "Venus" of Willendorf, near Vienna. The face is unindicated, and this is the same of all kindred "Venuses" found in Central or Western Europe.

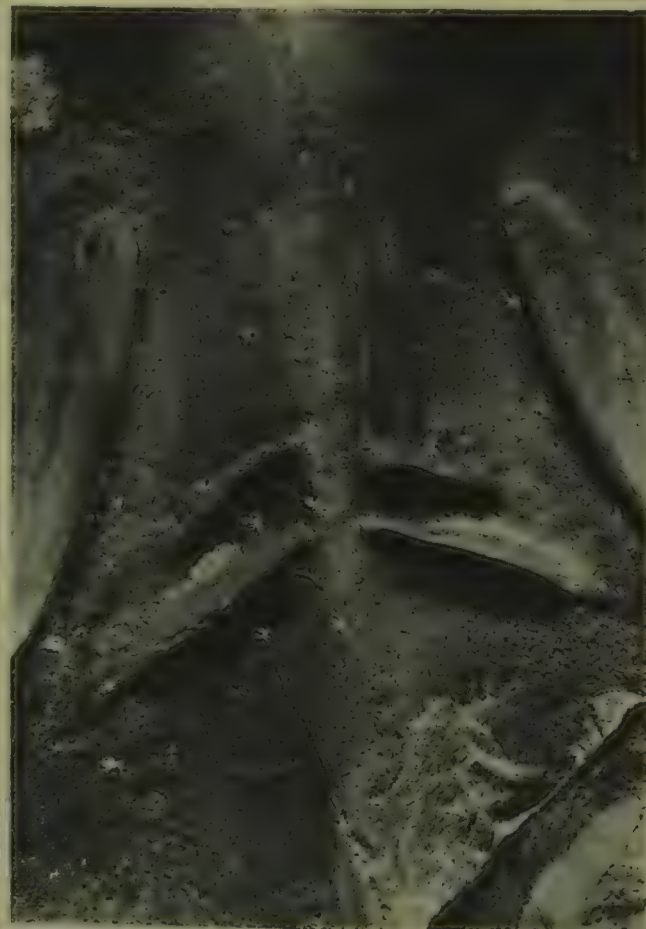
The long, narrow slits give the head the appearance of a visored knight. The top of the head presents another unusual feature, in that there are four small holes in it, and probably feathers were placed in these, as they are in African fetishes. The Pekarna Venus (31) is even more primitive than the Věstonice Venus, so far as facelessness is concerned: it is so formalised that only an expert can tell what it represents.



30. THE HOLES IN THE HEAD OF THE VENUS OF VĚSTONICE—APPARENTLY FOR FEATHERS, AND THUS SUGGESTING AFRICAN FETISHES.



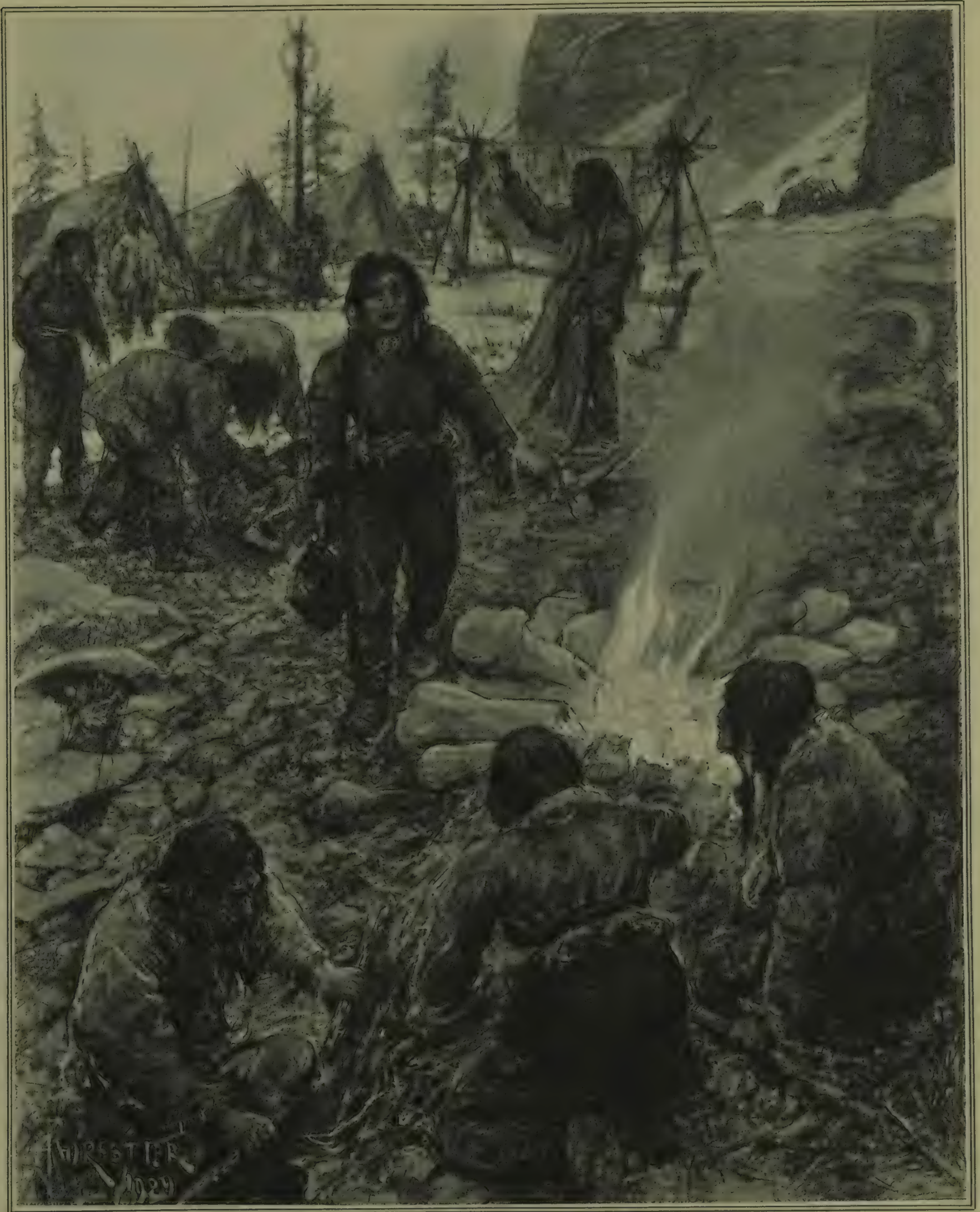
31. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE VENUS OF VĚSTONICE: A FORMALISED "VENUS" IN IVORY FOUND IN THE PEKARNA CAVE THE BUTTOCKS STRONGLY EMPHASISED.



32. DETAIL OF THE BACK OF THE VENUS OF VĚSTONICE: A SECTION OF THE STATUETTE ENLARGED TO SHOW THE WORKMANSHIP OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTER ARTISTS.

BEFORE LOESS CREATED THE STONE-AGE "POMPEII": MAMMOTH-HUNTERS.

RECONSTRUCTION-DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. KARL ABSOLON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A SETTLEMENT OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF MORAVIA: MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AURIGNACIAN AGE AT A CAMP FIRE WHOSE FLAMES ARE FED WITH THE FAT FLOWING FROM THE ENDS OF BURNING MAMMOTH-BONES.

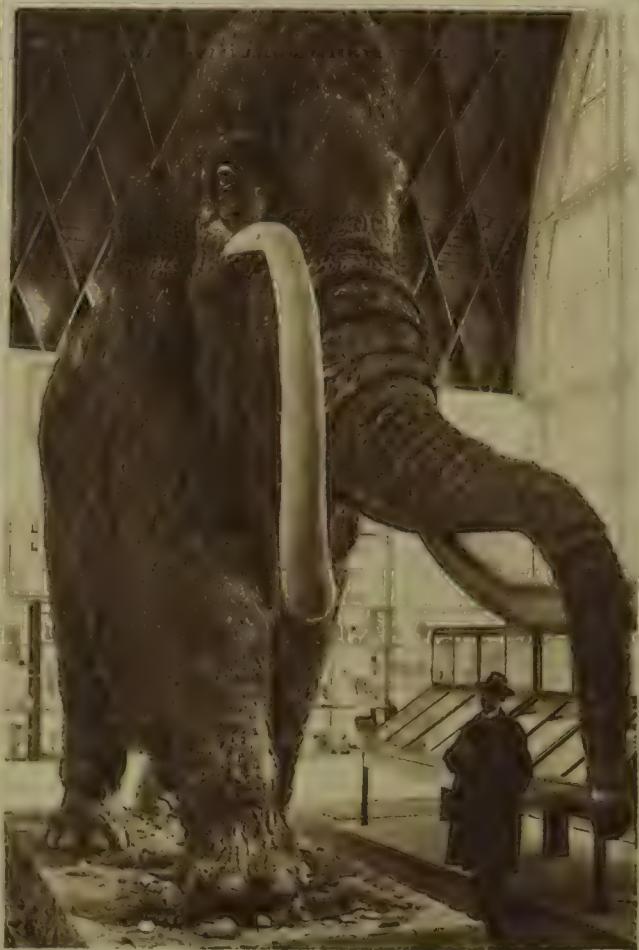
The mammoth-hunting Aurignacians, who preceded the cave-dwelling Magdalenians in Moravia, lived in the open, their tents side by side, "with extensive fireplaces and large refuse-pits (kitchen-middens), where the bones of mammoth, lion, rhinoceros, reindeer, horse, Arctic fox, etc., were heaped and classified." Some cannibalism is suggested by the marks noted on a thigh-bone that was discovered (Fig. 23), but it may be assumed that the meat for the feast was usually that

of the mammoth or of other beasts, or of birds. Referring to the pachyderm, Dr. Absolon remarks: "The skulls are usually broken to pieces, because mammoth-brain was appreciated by primitive hunters as a delicacy. . . . Long bones (femurs, tibiae) were found also in strange position forming a half-circle, so that their broken ends all pointed in one direction; evidently the fire was kept alight by the fat which flowed out of the ends of the burning bones into the flames."

THE MAMMOTH OF MORAVIA: A HUGE STONE AGE BEAST RECONSTRUCTED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. KARL ABSOLON. (COPYRIGHTED.)

33.
THE MAMMOTH
AS IT LIVED IN
MORAVIA IN THE
EARLY STONE
AGE: A LIFE-SIZE
RECONSTRUCTION
MADE UNDER
DR. ABSOLON'S
DIRECTION, AND
BASED ON HIS
GREAT "FINDS"
AT MAMMOTH-
HUNTERS'
SETTLEMENTS.



34. A FRONT VIEW OF THE GREAT TUSKS, THE TRUNK, AND THE HIGH-DOMED HEAD: THE MAMMOTH OF MORAVIA AS RECONSTRUCTED—WITH A MAN BESIDE IT TO SHOW ITS SIZE.

35.
TO SHOW THE
TAIL:
A PHOTOGRAPH
OF THE
RECONSTRUCTED
MAMMOTH AS
SEEN FROM
BEHIND—WITH A
MAN STANDING
BY TO SHOW
THE SIZE OF
THE HUGE
PREHISTORIC
PACHYDERM.



Working with the data provided by his amazing "finds" in Moravia, Dr. Absolon had made this most lifelike reconstruction of the mammoth as it lived in Central Europe in the Early Stone Age. As he wrote in the earlier part of his article (published in "The Illustrated London News" last week): "The mammoth-hunters are . . . the great outstanding feature of ancient Moravia. . . . One thing is certain—namely, that the mammoth-hunters killed these huge pachyderms in hundreds, and that in diluvial Moravia a great tragedy, like the destruction of elephants in Africa, took place." Hence his discovery of very many skeletal

remains and tusks and, especially important, the unearthing of a fine skull. (Fig. 15 in our last issue.) "From 1924 to 1929," he records, "we counted as many as sixty mammoths, all of them caught and killed by man, in the area of 1600 square metres. . . . Such an extensive discovery of mammoth-bones provides the comparative anatomist with the means of making a great contribution to our knowledge of the osteology, size, and form of the mammoth, which reached, in some cases, a size much bigger than we think. Using this material, I have attempted to reconstruct a mammoth in full size and natural appearance."

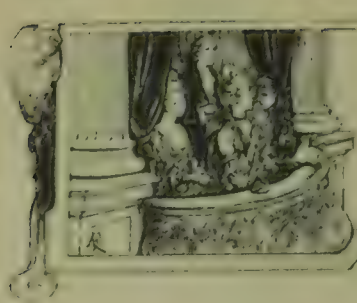
THE PEACOCK THRONE OF PERSIA: A WONDER OF GOLD AND GEMS.



PERSIA'S "CROWNING GLORY": THE FAMOUS PEACOCK THRONE IN THE GULISTAN PALACE AT TEHERAN—A NEW PHOTOGRAPH.

The Peacock Throne of Persia here illustrated (one of two so named) was last used for a coronation when Riza Shah Pahlevi assumed the crown in 1926. In his interesting "Persia Past and Present," Professor A. V. Williams Jackson, describing the Palace treasures, writes: "The famous Peacock Throne (*Takht-i-Taous*) is said to have been brought from Delhi in India by Nadir Shah about the middle of the eighteenth century; but according to Lord Curzon's claim it is not the original Peacock Throne, but was made for Fath Ali Shah, more than half a century later than Nadir Shah." Another account occurs in "Through Persia," by F. B. Bradley-Birt, who writes: "It (i.e., the throne) is said to have been found in a ruinous condition by Aga Mahomed Shah after the death of Kerim Khan,

and to have been restored by him. Though shorn of much of its glory of gem and jewel, it is still a thing of beauty. The other (*Takht-i-Taous*), said to have been built by Fath Ali Shah for the Peacock Lady of Ispahan, is in the inner portion of the palace." Again, in "Persia and Its People," by Ella Sykes, we read: "A splendidly jewelled and enamelled throne stands in this hall (of the palace) and Lord Curzon discovered that it is partly made from the broken remains of the celebrated 'Peacock' throne of Aurungzebe. He has also proved that the gem-studded throne which goes by that name (*Takht-i-Taous*) and which many writers believe to be the original work of art that Nadir Shah brought back with the loot of Delhi, is of no earlier date than the time of Fath Ali Shah."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



MUSICAL COMEDY MADE IN ENGLAND.—MISS IRENE VANBRUGH RETURNS.—"TUNNEL TRENCH."

EVER since the success—or should I not say the triumph?—of "Bitter-Sweet," which is still playing to "house full" every night at His Majesty's, it was felt that if our managers had but the pluck to "protect home industries," as the slogan goes, there would be no necessity to go to America to import things which, under the London lens, proved mere gammon. This was recognised long before. But the courage was lacking, and it was left to Mr. C. B. Cochran to carry the day by producing on a grand scale that remarkable one-man achievement of Mr. Noel Coward, which has gone to prove to New York that sometimes we can fit the boot to the other leg. Of course, Mr. Coward's "Bitter-Sweet," artistically, ranks miles above the average musical comedy; it is a perfect specimen of the *opérette* of old days. But the general public does not know the difference, and so, as "musical comedy," it rose to the skies. Directly or indirectly, this humoured Messrs. Clayton and Waller, good sportsmen both, to have a British fling of their own, and to commission three librettists, Messrs. Dion Titheradge, Lauri Wylie, and Herbert Clayton, to provide the book, while three composers, Messrs. Haydn Wood, Joseph Tunbridge, and Jack Waller, were to call the tune. But not only that—they decided that, for once, musical comedy should be sung, and they engaged the famous opera singer Mr. Tom Burke to play the hero, and Miss Annie Croft to play the heroine. That was, at any rate, a step in the right direction. Add to this the comic force of Miss Vera Pearce—who has a vigorous humour of her own—of Mr. Claude Hulbert and Miss Ena Grossmith, subtle in dance and duets chanted in melodious hum, and there was the basis of a promising performance.

When the first night of "Dear Love," at the Palace, arrived, there reigned a happy atmosphere of expectation, and in the very first act—a picturesque scene on a Lido with vivacious visitors and natives celebrating their joy of life—the audience and the players, as it were, fraternised, and that happy *entente* never flagged. Nay, it increased as the evening went on, and the lovely voices of Mr. Burke and Miss Croft harmonised in love-duets, rendered with so much feeling and so well acted that we might well rub our eyes and ask: Are we at the Palace or in Covent Garden? The comic business, too, was much gayer, less forced, less obtrusive, than in many other plays merely held up by this traffic. One of the romps of the charmingly rotund Vera Pearce and Claude Hulbert, to say nothing of their quaint patter, was a sight for the gods—an up-to-date vision of Hercules and Omphale. And then the chorus—such lovely girls, showing to perfection that the British blonde (whom even American gentlemen prefer) is sound in wind and limb; such exquisite costumes, dreams of colour and clouds of tulle—how they danced in the modern acrobatic, robot-form, turning a set of quivering humanity into a living machine; yet this time toning down the acrobatic by wonderfully poetic evolutions, creating garlands and triumphal arches by intertwining of legs and arms! That chorus was as enchanting as the leading melody and some of the love-songs, full of tune and vibration—thank heaven, free of jazz! In fact, for once, the scoring, so often a neglected factor in musical comedy, was done by a clever *maestro*, one who must have studied the Austrian and French *opérette* composers and, like a good bee, absorbed their most honeyed ways. I wonder

whether he is Mr. Wood, Mr. Tunbridge, or Mr. Waller? Anyway, he deserves congratulations on having added greatly to the joy of the evening, and I am glad to pay him this tribute. As our musical comedies are written, the inventor of the melody all too often gets the praise which is actually due to him who—frequently behind the scenes, and in obscurity—does the work that makes for popularity.

sufficiently happy result to encourage its sponsors to carry on with British composers of light music, many of whom have the material in readiness and are sighing for a hearing.

One of the great qualities of Irene Vanbrugh, whom every English playgoer loves, honours, and obeys because her personality is irresistible, is her modesty. She abhors the trumpet—in triumph she carries on without puff or paragraph. In her recent great sorrow she, for a time, cloistered herself in silence, and now that she has come back to seek solace in work, she carefully avoids the limelight beyond the theatre. Yet her return was a great event, and on the first night at the Criterion of Mr. Benn Levy's play, "Art and Mrs. Bottle," there went up a cry of unanimous jubilation which came right from the audience's hearts. For Irene Vanbrugh has the fairy gift of charm, and whenever she appears on the stage—and, for the matter of that, among friends—comeliness and suavity are her companions. It was so ever since, many years ago, with her gifted sister Violet, she became a London favourite in Sir James Barrie's play "Walker, London," and playgoers were so greatly



THE HUMAN SEA-LIONS OF "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT": MR. BOBBY COMBER AND THE CLEVER CHORUS. "The House that Jack Built" is the new revue by Jack Hulbert and Paul Murray, recently produced at the Adelphi. The opening scene pictures the clever company as workmen setting out to lay the foundations and "build" the house. The many amusing scenes include a mock circus, in which a chorus of human sea-lions give tongue in very similar notes to those which one can hear at feeding-time at the "Zoo"! Miss Cicely Courtneidge appears in many amusing characters.

As usual, the plot was of minor importance, and, truth to tell, it was saved by the dialogue and by excellent all-round acting. But who cared? Was not the plot "a mere tag to hang my music on," as the great

attracted by that smiling little face with a pair of eyes so vivacious and luminous that they followed one everywhere like a will-o'-the-wisp. We then said: What a fascinating little comedian; so girlish, so bright, so eager, and so sincere in everything she does! We scarcely guessed then that she would one day reveal herself as an emotional actress of power and spontaneity—of whom we have far too few. It was left to Sir Arthur Pinero to discover her tender inwardness when her Trelawny became a character dear to all playgoers. And since that memorable evening of Jan. 20, 1898, at the Court Theatre, her progress has been constant and indelible. Whoever knows anything of the English theatre of the beginning of this century recalls Sophie Fulgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," Mrs. Blundell in "Mid-Channel," and Nina in "His House in Order"—milestones in the record of the nascent British drama, memorable personalities inseparable from her who created them. And these are but the outstanding features of her record. Her life-work for one yet young is enormous, and in it there is not a single failure, hardly an effort on which the Press was not unanimous in praise.

The secret of this success, of this never-waning popularity—for even when she was resting or away in distant lands, one spoke of her and of Irene Vanbrugh parts—is that she is a worker, tireless in perfecting her art, never satisfied with achievement, ever filing, polishing, improving her impersonations with ceaseless regard for detail and for probing the meaning of every line and gesture. In this subtle work she had the invaluable guidance of her late husband, Dion Boucicault, a born producer with directorial imperiousness; he moulded her as the sculptor moulds his clay; he made her see things through his plasticising eyes. He accomplished her technique almost to a fault. Sometimes one felt this domination so keenly that it would seem as if she were overwhelmed by its power. Despite perfection, we sometimes wished that she were not interfered with, that she were allowed to remain herself. A little escape from discipline might have given freer rein to her emotions. Still, on the whole, Mr. Boucicault's influence was beneficial. He made Irene Vanbrugh the finest artistic artisan in stagecraft we have, except Miss Marie Tempest, who is

(Continued on page 960.)



LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT": MR. JACK HULBERT AND MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AS WORKMEN IN THEIR NEW ADELPHI REVUE.

Johann Strauss II. used to say when—except in the "Fledermaus"—he built world-famed successes on kindergarten libretti? Melody and the singers are the making of "Dear Love." And that is a

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.



PUPILS OF THE FIRST GLIDING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN IN GERMANY: A MACHINE JUST STARTED, WITH THE LAUNCHING PARTY RUNNING CLEAR.

many women have come to the fore in motor-car and aeroplane sports, so, probably, they will in gliding." Illustrations of gliding by men in Germany appeared in our issue of September 21 where we explained the "catapult" method of starting. Some hold the glider back by the tail, while others pull it forward with an elastic rope, until the order—"Let go!"

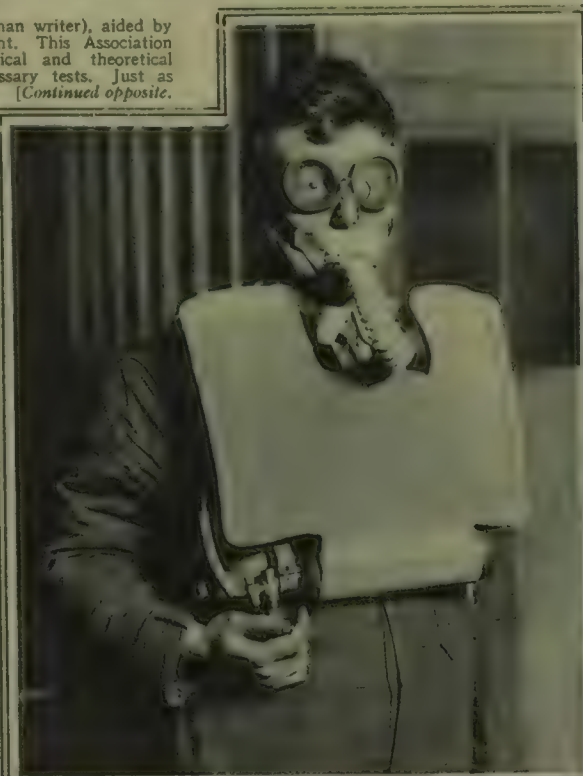
GERMAN WOMEN TAKE TO GLIDING: A PARTY ATTIRED IN WORKMANLIKE KIT HAULING A MACHINE TO THE STARTING-POINT.

"The first women's 'glider-flying' school was formed at Gatow (says a German writer), aided by the Federal Association of Instructors, for the promotion of motorless flight. This Association also provides the machine and the instructor. The women receive practical and theoretical instruction in gliding, and some of them have already passed the necessary tests. Just as

[Continued opposite.



INDOOR SKI-ING: WELL-KNOWN EXPONENTS IN THE PARIS WINTER SPORTS EXHIBITION, WITH ITS ARTIFICIAL SKI-JUMP. Parisians have recently been given an opportunity, it is believed for the first time, to enjoy the thrills of Alpine sport indoors, at the Winter Sports Exhibition at Passy. The building contains an artificial ski-run, with a ski-jumping platform in the background. The "snow" is powdered boric acid.



A NEW RESCUE DEVICE, FOR SUNKEN SUBMARINES, ADOPTED FOR THE NAVY: THE DAVIS SUBMERGED ESCAPE APPARATUS. ESCAPE": A SIDE VIEW OF THE DEVICE.

In the House of Commons, recently, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated: "Very satisfactory trials have been completed of an apparatus which should afford each individual member of a crew a fair chance of escape from a sunken submarine and of reaching the surface. It is the Davis Submerged Escape Apparatus, designed by Messrs. Siebe Gorman. Arrangements are being made to equip all officers and men in submarines and to provide training."



THE RUNAWAY GOODS TRAIN DISASTER AT BATH, THAT CAUSED THREE DEATHS: THE OVERTURNED ENGINE AND WRECKED STATION BUILDINGS.

On the evening of November 20 a coal train of 30 trucks got out of control on a steep decline on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, leading round a curve to the junction with the L.M.S. line at Bath. The train attained great speed, and, leaving the rails, crashed into some wooden buildings used as station offices for the L.M.S. goods yard. The building was wrecked, the engine overturned, and the trucks piled up one above another. Three men were killed, including the driver, and two were injured.

THE REQUIEM MASS FOR THE LATE MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF THE DISTINGUISHED CONGREGATION.

Requiem Mass for the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor was celebrated in Westminster Cathedral on November 21. The Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Richard Downey, pontificated, and the Absolution was given by Cardinal Bourne. A large and distinguished congregation attended the ceremony, including several members of the Government. Among those present were the Prime Minister, the Speaker, Mr. Lloyd George, Viscount Fitzalan, Lord Reading, Lord Crewe, Lord Burnham, Lord Gladstone, and the French Ambassador, with other foreign representatives.

THE WATER-LILY CITY OF FLOWERS: ANCIENT FLORENCE.



"SO RESTS, ON THIS LOVELY GROUND, THE STILL MORE LOVELY FLORENCE": THE "ART-CITY OF TUSCANY AND THE WORLD," SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA BELLOSGUARDO.

Nothing, it is obviously superfluous to point out, could be in greater contrast than old Florence and modern New York. The one is essentially the flower city, just as the other is essentially a finance city. Of Florence, it has been written: "Who can describe the enchanting view of this art-city of Tuscany and the world, Florence, with its surrounding gardens? who paint the distant horizon, from Fiesole, smiling at us with its fair towers, to the blue ridge of the Lucca

Mountains? . . . Like a water-lily rising on the mirror of the lake, so rests, on this lovely ground, the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works and its inexhaustible riches. . . . Each street of Florence contains a world of art; the walls of the city are the calyx containing the fairest flowers of the human mind—and this is but the richest gem in the diadem with which the Italian people have adorned the earth!" So much for the old and the historic!

[Continued opposite.]

THE SKY-SCRAPER CITY OF FINANCE: MODERN NEW YORK.



AN EXPERIMENT WHICH MAY RESULT IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CIVILISATION—OR FAIL: LOWER BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH THROUGH THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS BUILDING.

Continued.

When we come to the new, and the history-making, it cannot be denied that to the eye of certain beholders there is beauty in the lines of the American skyscraper. In this connection, it is interesting to recall a speech made by Mr. William Adams Delano before the Architecture Club recently. In America, said the speaker, they were trying a great experiment, an experiment that might result in "the richest, fullest, most beautiful civilisation that

the world has yet seen," or might be a failure! "The architect," he argued, "can only give expression to the demands of his time. If the civilisation in which he works is one that demands cathedrals, cathedrals there will be; or if, like America, it is a materialistic one, and office buildings are demanded in order to pay a high revenue on a restricted piece of ground, skyscrapers there will be."

THAT TALK ON PAPER: A FRANK AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT": By ROBERT GRAVES.

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

THE other day, before I knew that I was to deal with "Good-bye To All That," I read somewhat hastily a column or so concerning it. Had I had this Appreciation in mind, I should not have done so; for it is my habit to avoid the opinions of others until I have formed the one I am to register. As it happens, however, I am glad of the mishap, for the article in question gave me, as it may have given many, a false idea of the manner and matter of one of the frankest, one of the least restrained, autobiographies that have been published since the cessation of the "War to End War." It conveyed to me, for instance, the impression that the writer had wilfully libelled his old school, that he had "let down" his brother officers, that he had been deliberately over-insistent in stressing such "personal" crimes as the murder of a company sergeant-major by two Tommies bearing a grudge against their platoon sergeant, and that he was "out" to demonstrate that field executions and Field Punishment No. 1 were commonplaces.

It is true that he does not appreciate his Charterhouse experiences in the customary "Happiest hours of my life" phraseology—save, perhaps, the boxing, the baiting of the "bloods," the form master who was not contemptuous of poets, and the Dick who was to disappoint and shock. It is true that he discusses boyish friendships in daring and debatable fashion. It is true that he suffered from having to live-down his German connections. But it is equally true that he writes: "... When we had said our very worst of Charterhouse, I said to him or he said to me, I forget which '... In another twenty years' time we'll forget this conversation and think that we were mistaken, and that perhaps everybody, with a few criminal exceptions, was fairly average decent, and we'll say: "I was a young fool then, insisting on impossible perfection," and we'll send our sons to Charterhouse sentimentally, and they'll go through all we did.' I do not wish this to be construed as an attack on my old school, but merely as a record of my feelings at the time." This, just as he urges, later: "I make a general disclaimer of such opinions as I have recorded myself as holding from chapter to chapter, on education, nature, war, religion, literature, philosophy, psychology, politics, and so on. This is a story of what I was, not what I am." And, even more candidly to explain his ebullitions: "I used to bicycle down from Boar's Hill every morning to my lectures. On the way down I would collect Edmund Blunden, who was attending the same course. He, too, had permission to live on the hill, on account of gassed lungs. ... Edmund had war-shock as badly as myself, and we would talk each other into an almost hysterical state about the trenches. We agreed that we would not be right until we got all that talk on to paper.

He was first with *Undertones of War*, published in 1928."

In other words, "Good-bye To All That" is strictly individualistic, the saga of a more or less happy warrior who fought finely, thought furiously, and is now definitely among those who cry aloud at the folly of ordeal by ultimatum, mobilisation, and battle.

To the criticisms certain to be voiced by Old Carthusians reference has been made. What of the Royal Welch Fusiliers? Some there are who cannot have understood and will never understand the Wart—the subaltern—they nicknamed von Runicke, from the von Ranke in his Christian names; any more than he can ever completely comprehend them. He realised as well as any the value of their traditions—the jealously-retained flash, the all-important "c" in Welch, the battle honours, the Royal goat, that familiar march-past—"The British Grenadiers," the fetish of "properly dressed" and of drill, "the raw leeks eaten to the roll of the drum with one foot on a chair and one on the mess table enriched with spoils of the Summer Palace at Peking," the taken-for-granted valour; but he wondered at over-regimentality when it took the form of snubbing juniors, although he saw the virtues of being tested by patrol-duty in No Man's Land, and was not unduly depressed by a spell of forced saluting drill, remarking of an instance: "This was not a particular act of spite against me, but the general game of 'chasing the warts,' at which all the senior officers played. It was honestly intended to make us better soldiers." That is one of many signs of a determination to be fair, to recognise the opposite view.

As to the murder, that is a diary-extract and printed "in passing," merely as an occurrence calling for notice. Field Punishment No. 1 is in evidence once: given for drunkenness in the field. The

executions of the excerpt are mentioned in a paragraph which begins, "Executions were frequent in France." "Frequent" is a relative term; but the writer speaks of "official lying" in 1915, and cites figures of death penalties for cowardice and desertion—not, it may be deemed, very startling figures, considering the forces engaged, but officially denied.

So much by way of correcting bias against an unread book. It should now be asserted that "Good-bye To All That" will rank with "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "Undertones of War," however vehement the agreement with its tenor, or however violent the disagreement. It is far less the man-versus-the-machine, far less obnoxious than the first-

named; far less "sanitary"—shall we say?—than the second and far less full of the terrors of hand-to-hand ferocity and frenzy; considerably less phlegmatically "English" than the last, in that it is not so "straight," so reticent, in its language. It has the merits of the three, with some of the demerits; and it has the undeniable strength of appeal that is common to them. That it will lead to controversy has been indicated; that there will be denial of some of its comments and conclusions is as inevitable as it is that it will irritate, embarrass, and even disgust, the narrower-minded; but that the average modern will read it and understand it is certain: the Wax Fruit Age of pseudo-Puritanism has been scoffed—and shot—to pieces!

It tells not only of the Robert Graves of the war period, but of him in his childhood and his early youth (he was born in July, 1895); of his after-Peace life and his marriage to Nancy Nicholson, of the birth of the children to whom he was often "nurse," of his poverty, of the shop his wife and he ran on Boar's Hill, Oxford, in partnership with Mrs. Michael Howard, when he might have been seen—as the old novelists were delighted to put it—in a green-baize apron, "selling a packet of Bird's Eye tobacco to the Poet Laureate with one hand and with the other weighing out half a pound of brown sugar for Sir Arthur Evans' gardener's wife"; of his meetings with such celebrities as George Moore, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy; Ivor Novello, before whom he felt uncomfortably military; Siegfried Sassoon, strange blend of "happy warrior and bitter pacifist"; A. A. Milne, as a subaltern in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment; John Masefield, Col. T. E. Lawrence, of Arabia, Thomas Hardy, and the Sitwells, including Edith—"It was a surprise, after reading her poems, to find her gentle, domesticated, and even devout. When she came to stay with us she spent her time sitting on the sofa and hemming handkerchiefs." And, further, of his appointment as Professor of English Literature at the newly-founded Egyptian University at Cairo, a post he resigned before very long, to return to Islip. "After which—"

(Continued on page 964.)



A WAR-POET WHO FIGURES IN "GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT": MR. SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

Mr. Sassoon is best known by his "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man," which won him the Hawthornden Prize for this year; but he must be recalled also by "The Old Huntsman," "Counter-Attack," "Collected War Poems," and "The Heart's Journey." As other war-poets—"poets of importance"—Mr. Graves mentions Charles Sorley, Isaac Rosenberg, and Wilfred Owen, all killed.



A WAR-POET WHO FIGURES IN "GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT": MR. EDMUND C. BLUNDEN.

Mr. Blunden is best known, perhaps, by his very fine "Undertones of War," but he has much other notable work to his credit, and he was awarded the Hawthornden Prize in 1922. Among his poems are "The Waggoner," "The Shepherd," "To Nature," "English Poems," and "Retreat." From 1924 until 1927, he was Professor of English Literature at Tokio University.



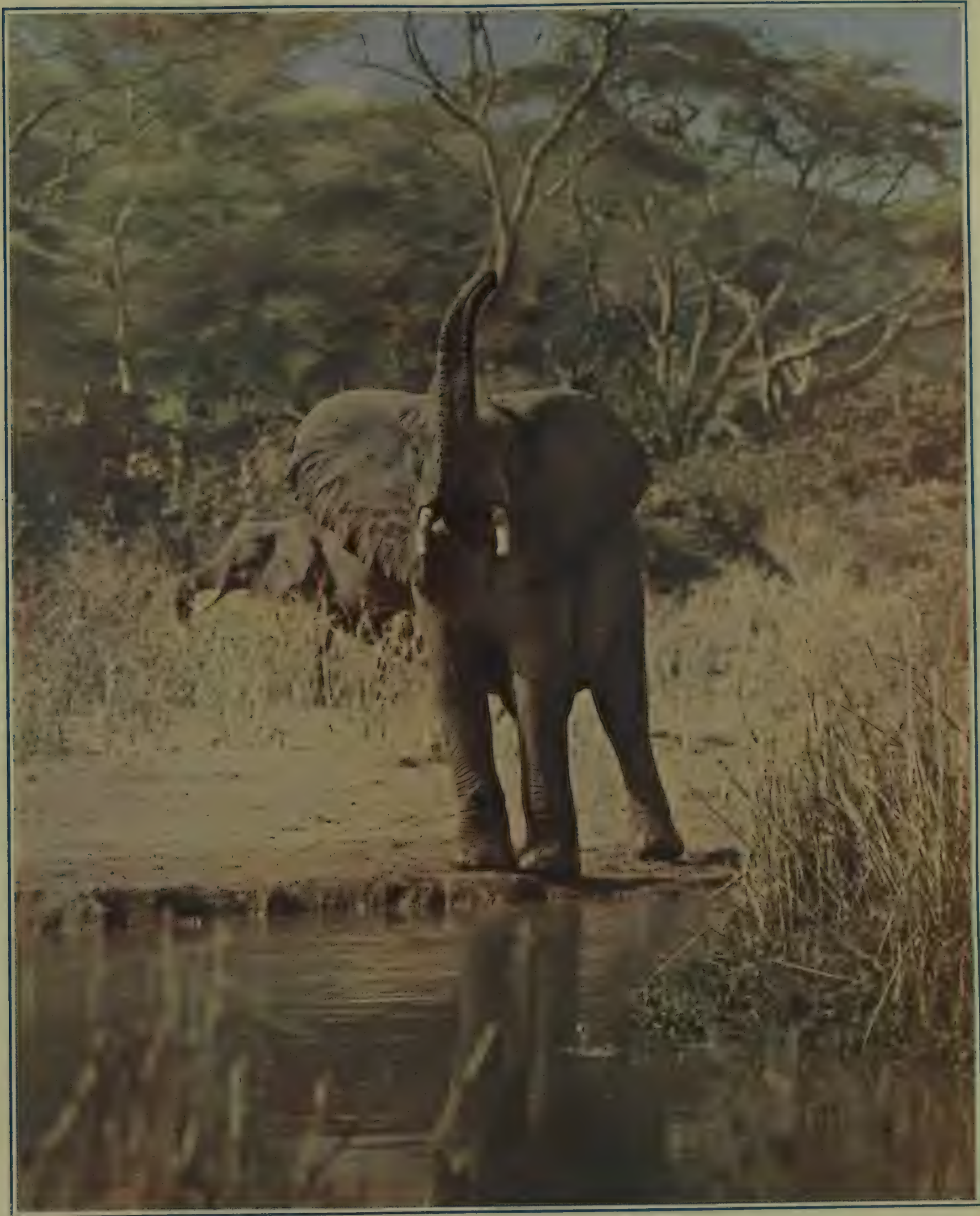
THE AUTHOR OF "GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT," AN EXCEEDINGLY FRANK AUTOBIOGRAPHY: MR. ROBERT GRAVES, THE POET.

Mr. Graves—he attained the rank of Captain in the Great War—has written, in "Good-bye To All That," an autobiography that will arouse the greatest interest and the keenest controversy. His regiment was the Royal Welch Fusiliers, but he was attached for a while to the Welsh Regiment. He saw much fighting, was wounded, and on one occasion was officially reported dead. Since the war, he has helped to run a shop on Boar's Hill, Oxford, with his wife; has written a good deal; has run a printing press (the Seizin); and has been Professor of English Literature at the Egyptian University, Cairo. His "Collected Poems" were published in 1927. He is now in Majorca, where he has decided to live.

Photograph by Alfred Cracknell; Reproduced from "Good-bye To All That," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

"Shot" by Camera Only: African Elephants in their Native Wild.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN EAST AFRICA BY MR. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (COPYRIGHT.)



VERY DOUBTFUL OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, STANDING IN THE OPEN ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, 50 TO 60 FT. AWAY:
A WILD "TUSKER," IN A FAMILIAR "ZOO" ATTITUDE, AT A DRY SALT LICK BESIDE A STREAM.

Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell made a great reputation as a big-game photographer by his wonderful series of African lions taken by daylight in their native haunts, examples of which appeared in our issue of May 11 last. In other numbers we have also reproduced some of his equally fine studies of rhinoceros, buffalo, and giraffe, taken in Kenya and Tanganyika, and here we give, in colours, a magnificent photograph of a bull elephant at large. Mr. Maxwell writes of it: "He was very

doubtful of me, standing up in the open on the opposite bank, about 50 to 60 ft. away. When taking these elephants, I was accompanied by Captain C. Palmer-Kerrison. No shot has ever been fired while I have been photographing. I mention this because people have stated that it is all very well photographing when you can kill the animal, it necessary, as soon as you have photographed it." The elephants love salt. They suck it up from the ground with their trunks.

A Country Club of the South Where it is Summertime Now.

THE CLUB
HOUSE OF THE
KELVIN GROVE
COUNTRY CLUB,
AS SEEN FROM
THE LAWNS:
A BUILDING
OF OLD-WORLD
SOUTH AFRICAN
CHARM.



SET IN A GREEN BOWER OF STately OAKS: THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE KELVIN GROVE COUNTRY CLUB, SEEN FROM THE GARDENS, WITH THEIR WEALTH OF FLOWERS.

The Kelvin Grove Country Club at Newlands, near Cape Town.

WITH
SUMMERTIME
FLOWERS
IN BLOOM:
THE KELVIN
GROVE COUNTRY
CLUB AT
NEWLANDS—THE
DRIVE AND
FRONT ENTRANCE
OF THE
CLUB HOUSE.



THE CHARMING ENTRANCE LOUNGE OF THE KELVIN GROVE COUNTRY CLUB: A POPULAR INSTITUTION AT THE CAPE, CONTAINING A DANCE HALL, BILLIARD- AND CARD-ROOMS, AND ALL THE AMENITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

THE STOEP
AND TERRACE
OF THE
KELVIN GROVE
COUNTRY CLUB
A CENTRE OF
SPORT AND
SOCIAL LIFE IN
THE BEAUTIFUL
SUBURB
OF NEWLANDS,
UNDER THE
SLOPES OF
TABLE
MOUNTAIN.



THE FRONT
PORTICO OF THE
KELVIN GROVE
COUNTRY CLUB,
WITH DEVIL'S
PEAK IN THE
BACKGROUND:
AN EXAMPLE OF
THE GLORIOUS
VIEWS OVER THE
MOUNTAIN
RANGES OF
THE CAPE
PENINSULA.



On this page we reveal some of the attractions of the Kelvin Grove Country Club, situated in the beautiful suburb of Newlands, under the slopes of Table Mountain, at Cape Town. The club house, set in a green bower of stately oaks, has about it a certain old-world charm, and from its lawns and garden walks it commands glorious views of the mountain peaks which run down the centre of the Cape Peninsula. The Club itself is a thriving and popular institution at the Cape. It caters for the social enjoyments of its members in numerous ways, and its facilities include tennis courts, a miniature golf course for approaching and putting, and a squash rackets

court of standard size built on up-to-date lines. Its cricket, hockey, and football matches are regular events of the club life. One of its most attractive features is the dance hall, always a popular rendezvous with the younger set of the Cape. The indoor facilities also include billiard-rooms, card-rooms, and the usual amenities of club life. The winter exodus from Great Britain for the South African summer sunshine has now commenced, and all those happy persons who are gaining this respite from the rigours of the northern winter may be interested to know that the Kelvin Grove Country Club at Cape Town welcomes overseas visitors. Our readers may also be aware that full information concerning travel to South Africa can be readily obtained in London on application to the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



You'll feel better when
you've had a GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

NOTABLE ART MATTERS: OLD MASTERS; ICONS; A JAPANESE "MADONNA."



BY GOVAERT FLINCK (CLEVE AND AMSTERDAM, 1615-1660):
HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

We reproduce here three of the most notable items in the illustrated catalogue of an important sale to be held shortly in Berlin—that of the collection formed by Commercial Councillor Otto Held. The sale will take place on December 5 and 6, at the auction galleries of Messrs. Paul Cassirer and Hugo Helbing, at 35, Viktoriastrasse, where it was arranged to place the

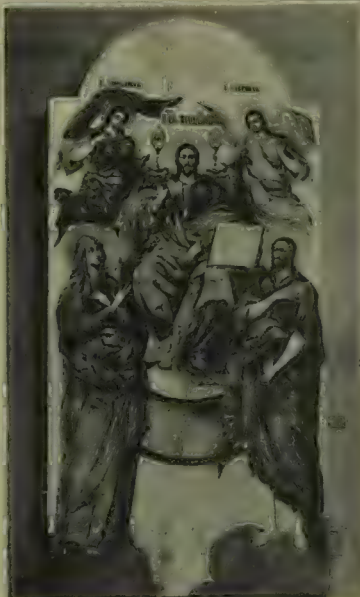


BY JACOB GERRITSZ CUYT (DORDRECHT, 1594-1651):
A YOUNG GIRL SEATED BESIDE A TREE, DATED 1630.

collection on exhibition for five days previously. In addition to paintings by Old Masters, among them some very valuable Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century, and examples of German primitives, the collection includes a number of interesting examples of Flemish wall tapestries and European porcelain.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Cassirer and Helbing, Berlin.]



BY FERDINAND BOL (DORDRECHT AND AMSTERDAM, 1616-1680): HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH.



"THE SAVIOUR ENTHRONED":
A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ICON.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum there is now on view (until December 14) a very interesting exhibition (including the above examples) of Ancient Russian Icons, from the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries, lent by the Government of the U.S.S.R. to a British committee. "One of the consequences of the Russian revolution," writes Sir



"SAINTS PARASCEVE, GREGORY, CHRYSOSTOM, AND BASIL":
A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ICON.

Martin Conway, the chairman, "was to make all the icons in Russia the property of the Soviet Government. Sacred pictures . . . were gathered together for examination, classification, and repair. The Soviet Government set up an institution within the Kremlin at Moscow for the treatment of icons possessing historical or artistic value."



"OUR SAVIOUR PANTOCRATOR ENTHRONED":
A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ICON.



A WORK WHOSE INCLUSION IN THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION
HAS BEEN DOUBTFUL: GIORGIONE'S "TEMPEST."

It was reported on November 25 that the famous picture by Giorgione, "The Tempest," would, after all, be sent to London for inclusion in the forthcoming Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House. Its owner, Prince Giovanelli, is said to have agreed to bear part of the cost of insuring it—alleged to be £500,000.



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN:
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD IN WOOD.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549, but was stamped out in the seventeenth century. This wooden image probably dates from the end of the sixteenth century, before the persecutions. It was purchased in a curio-shop by a non-Christian Japanese, who mistook it for Kwannon, Goddess of Mercy.



A REYNOLDS THAT HAS JUST COME UNDER THE
HAMMER: "PORTRAIT OF SIR GERARD NAPIER, BT."

This portrait of Sir Gerard Napier, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was included in a sale of Old Masters fixed to take place at Christie's on November 29. Sir Gerard Napier was born in 1739. In 1762 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Oglander. He died in 1765.

AIR AGE PROGRESS: NEW PHASES IN THE SCIENCE OF FLIGHT.



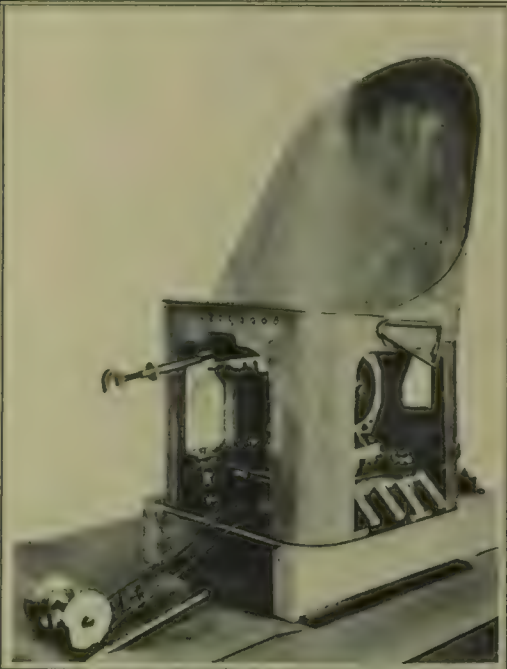
DISAPPOINTED OF A FLIGHT OWING TO GALES, BUT ENTERTAINED ABOARD THE AIRSHIP: M.P.'S UNDER "R 101" AT CARDINGTON.

The party of 100 Peers and M.P.'s who were to have flown in "R 101" at Cardington on November 23, after a previous postponement, were again disappointed, for, owing to the high wind and a forecast of gales, it was thought that they might suffer discomfort and delay in disembarkation. The airship, however, had proved well able to ride out a gale at the mooring-mast, and most of the guests lunched on board.



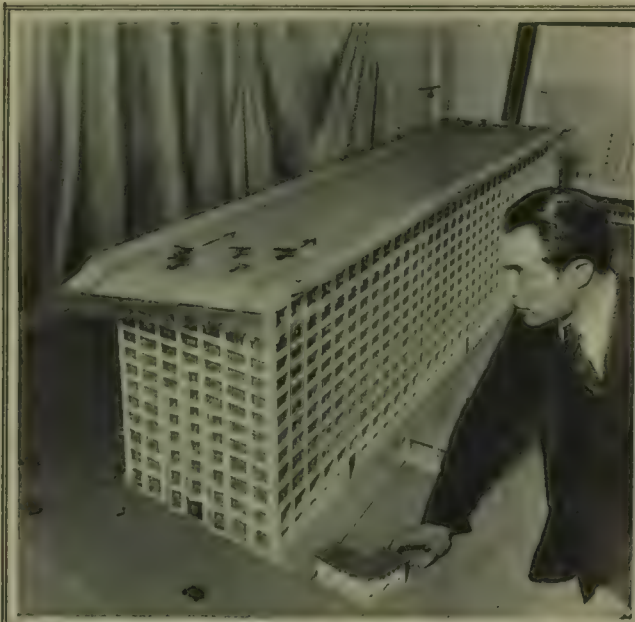
A NEW LIFEBOAT SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR RESCUING AEROPLANES, AND THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD: THE CRAFT LAUNCHED AT HAMPTON-ON-THAMES.

The world's fastest lifeboat (illustrated under construction in our last issue) was launched in the Thames at Hampton Wick, from Messrs. Thornycroft's yard, on November 21. The launching ceremony was performed by Mrs. Forbes-Sempill, wife of Colonel the Master of Sempill. The new lifeboat, which is to be stationed at Dover, will, in addition to ordinary life-saving duties, be available for rescuing people from aircraft forced down into the sea. She is the largest boat in the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's fleet, and is 64 ft. long, with a displacement of about 25 tons. Two motors of 375 h.p. each give her a speed of 17 knots.



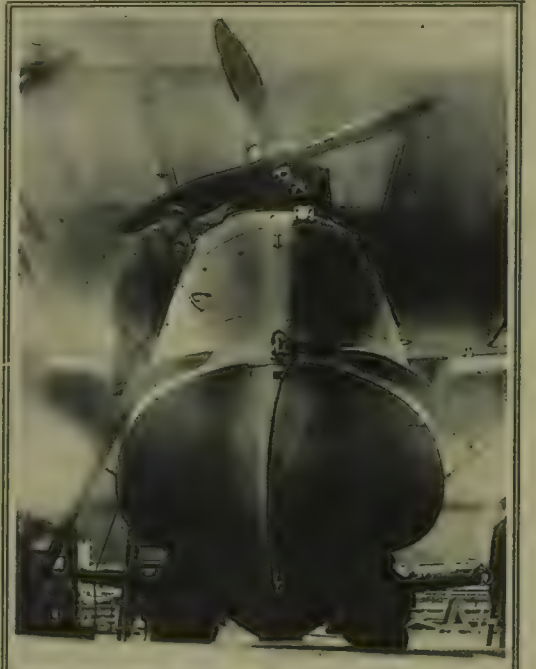
A MECHANICAL "PILOT": THE SPERRY GYROSCOPE ROBOT, FITTED UNDER THE PILOT'S SEAT.

"The Sperry Gyroscope Robot (says a descriptive note) obviates the need for a pilot, once the machine is in the air. A plane so equipped made a night flight from Ohio to Washington and New York and back to Ohio. The gyroscopes, one vertical, the other horizontal, keep the plane on an even keel."



THE SKYSCRAPER PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO AERODROMES: A MODEL OF THE FIRST OF ITS TYPE, FOR LOS ANGELES.

This photograph shows—to quote the description supplied—"a model of the world's first skyscraper airport, a twelve-storey, 10,500,000-dollar office and industrial building, to be erected in Los Angeles. A modern landing-field, with every facility known to airports, will form the roof. Mr. O. R. Angelillo, chief engineer of the project, is shown with the model."



A NEW ALL-METAL FLYING-BOAT RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: A BOW VIEW OF THE HULL OF "IRIS III."



NEW FLYING-BOATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE BLACKBURN AEROPLANE COMPANY'S WORKS: (L. TO R.) THE "SYDNEY"; THE "NILE" (BUILT FOR IMPERIAL AIRWAYS); AND ANOTHER "IRIS III."

The "Iris III," which was successfully launched from the aircraft works of the Blackburn Aeroplane Company at Brough-on-the-Humber, on November 26, is the largest all-metal flying-boat yet built in Great Britain, and weighs about thirteen tons. She is fitted



THE LARGEST ALL-METAL FLYING-BOAT YET BUILT IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE NEW 13-TON BLACKBURN "IRIS III," BUILT FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT BROUGH-ON-HUMBER.

with three Rolls-Royce Condor engines of 675 h.p. each. This boat is a military type, officially described as a reconnaissance flying-boat, and was the first to have a rear gunner's cockpit, beyond the triple tail rudders, giving a clear field of fire to ward off attacks from behind. After preliminary flying trials she left for the R.A.F. Marine Aircraft Experimental Station at Felixstowe. It was in an earlier model of this machine, we may recall, that Sir Samuel Hoare, ex-Secretary of State for Air, made his Baltic cruise in 1927.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



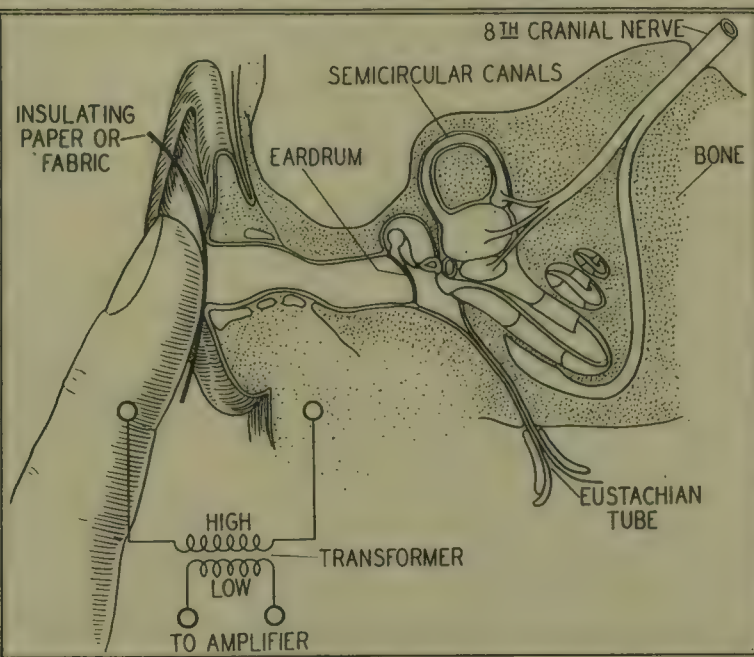
THE MYSTERIOUS "JACK THE RIPPER" MURDERS IN THE DÜSSELDORF AREA: THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF ONE OF THE TEN VICTIMS.

A series of most brutal and mysterious murders has been committed in Düsseldorf and its neighbourhood, and these have been likened to the "Jack the Ripper" crimes of years ago in this country. Needless to say, the greatest terror has been spread in the district, and, as we write, the most strenuous efforts to find the murderer, or murderers, are being made. At



THE "JACK THE RIPPER" MURDERS IN THE DÜSSELDORF AREA: MÜHLE STINDERHOF, WHERE MARIA HAHN IS SAID TO HAVE DANCED BEFORE SHE WAS KILLED.

the end of last week there had been no fewer than ten murders. The first was on February 9, when a six-year-old girl named Rosa Ohliger was found stabbed to death. The victims are nine women and girls and one man. There have also been a number of attempts to murder. Many "suspects" have been followed, at present without result.



A MESSAGE SPOKEN, "STORED," PASSED INTO THE BODY OF A MAN, AND THEN PROJECTED THROUGH HIS HAND TO THE EAR OF ANOTHER MAN AND SO TO THAT MAN'S BRAIN: A DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE EXPERIMENT.

The diagram and the photograph here given illustrate the fact, recently discovered in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, that, to quote a "Times" description, "part of the human ear can be used as a receiver-condenser which will convey to the brain a message spoken some seconds earlier and electrically stored in the interval. A message was spoken into a telephone transmitter and stored in a 'delay circuit.' After the lapse of several seconds, the 'delayed' current was transformed into high voltage and passed into the body of the demonstrator. The demonstrator then put his finger in the ear of another person, who distinctly heard the sentence as originally spoken." In a technical description, the Bell Telephone Laboratories note: "The principle



THE HUMAN EAR AS A "RECEIVER-CONDENSER": MR. SERGIUS P. GRACE (LEFT) PASSING A MESSAGE, SPOKEN A WHILE BEFORE AND STORED WITHIN HIS BODY, TO THE EAR, AND SO TO THE BRAIN, OF MR. J. R. ERICKSON.

underlying the experiment was that of electrostatic attraction, or the fact that electric charges tend to attract or repel anything in their neighbourhood. The sounds were, therefore, reproduced electrically, and the resulting electrical potentials, powerfully amplified, were passed to the hands of Mr. Grace and his assistant, on which accumulated small electric charges. These charges caused the ear-drum of the listener to vibrate in just the same way that sound-waves would do. The effect was quite pronounced, even though the ear was shielded with paper. Due to the complex nature of the ear, and the limited amount of investigation, it is impossible to make any definite statement as to the mechanism of this phenomenon."



THE SO-CALLED MIRACLE GRAVE OF FATHER PATRICK J. POWER, ROUND WHICH A MUSHROOM CITY HAS GROWN UP: A CROWD OF "PILGRIMS" WAITING THEIR TURN TO VISIT THE TOMB IN HOLY CROSS CEMETERY, MALDEN.

Astonishing scenes have been witnessed in and about Holy Cross Cemetery, at Malden, Massachusetts, where thousands of people have been to pray at the grave of the priest Father Patrick J. Power, as a sequel to stories of miraculous cures having taken place at it. A mushroom city speedily grew up round the cemetery, and many itinerant traders were attracted. Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, has ordered that all pilgrimages to the tomb shall cease, pending an enquiry by the Roman Catholic Church into the alleged cures.



IN ANTI-RELIGION SOVIET RUSSIA: A CHURCH IN A MOSCOW SUBURB TURNED INTO A STORE-HOUSE FOR WHEAT, WHICH WAS DUMPED UPON THE FLOORS AND EVEN BURIED A PART OF THE HIGH ALTAR.

As has been noted on a number of occasions, official Russia is very definitely anti-religion, and, as a result, a number of sacred buildings have been put to secular use. Our photograph bears witness to the fact; for it shows a church in a Moscow suburb turned into a store-house for wheat, which, the correspondent who sends the photograph tells us, even submerged a part of the high altar. Wheat, it may be added, is one of the problems of the U.S.S.R., for the peasant is not enamoured of the idea that he should grow more than he needs for himself. Hence, bread queues.

CONCERNING PERSONAL MATTERS: PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE MOMENT.



AN EPOCH-MARKING DAY IN THE HISTORY OF A FAMOUS REGIMENT: THE LAST "SPORTS" OF THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS BEFORE MECHANISATION: THE MUSICAL RIDE.



AT THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS' "SPORTS," NEAR CAIRO: LADY LORRAINE PRESENTING THE CUP FOR THE OPEN JUMPING EVENT.

The 12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's), like other cavalry regiments, are being mechanised as a result of the "lessons" of the Great War. Lady Lorraine, it may seem unnecessary to add, is the wife of Sir Percy Lorraine, the recently-appointed British High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan.



MR. C. H. K. MARTEN.
The new Vice-Provost of Eton College. As a boy was in Miss Eton's House. Took a First in Modern History at Balliol. First History Master at Eton, 1896; a House Master, 1907-27.



SIR CECIL CLEMENTI.
Governor of Hong-Kong; appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for the Malay Straits. Has seen most of his service in Hong-Kong, and in British Guiana.



LORD FORTEVIOT.

Died suddenly on November 23 at the age of seventy-three. Brother of Lord Dewar and Chairman of the firm of John Dewar and Sons. Active in politics and local government. A former Liberal M.P.



MR. EDWARD SHORTT.

New President of the British Board of Film Censors, in succession to the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor. A former Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Home Secretary, 1919-22. A P.C. and a K.C.



ECONOMIC BODIES OF BULGARIA PROTEST AGAINST THE SCALE OF REPARATION PAYMENTS: READING THE RESOLUTION IN SOFIA.



BULGARIAN BUSINESS MEN AND WORKERS OF THE CAPITAL PROTEST AGAINST THE SCALE OF REPARATION PAYMENTS FIXED FOR BULGARIA BY THE PARIS COMMITTEE: A GREAT CROWD DEMONSTRATING IN SOFIA. On November 18, some twenty-five thousand business men and workers protested in Sofia against the scale of reparation payments fixed for Bulgaria by the Paris Committee. After a big meeting of representatives of economic bodies had been held, there were demonstrations outside the Legations of the Powers.



MR. HERBERT SMITH.

Has resigned his position as President of the Miners' Federation. He was a representative of Yorkshire. Mr. Tom Richards has been elected as acting President of the Federation.



MR. TOM RICHARDS.

Elected to act as President of the Miners' Federation until the next annual conference, which will be held in July. A P.C. Worked in a mine at the age of eleven.



THE NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE MUSICAL UNION: MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN (LEFT) AND LADY BRITAIN, D.B.E., WITH SOME OF THE TROPHIES.

At the Conservative and Unionist Conference reception at the Albert Hall on November 20, there were exhibited the gold cup and some of the other trophies which will be competed for again at the Albert Hall, in May, when the National Conservative Musical Union will hold its National Festival of Song. Mrs. Baldwin is the President of this Union, and Lady Britain is the Honorary Musical Director.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR IRAQ LEAVES TO TAKE UP HIS DUTIES: SIR FRANCIS HUMPHRYS, MISS DAPHNE HUMPHRYS, LADY HUMPHRYS, AND MR. FRANCIS HUMPHRYS AT ST. PANCRAS STATION. Sir Francis left London on November 22. It will be recalled that he was appointed to succeed the late Sir Gilbert Clayton as High Commissioner for Iraq in October; and that until the recent disturbances he was Minister at Kabul.

MERCURY'S EXTREMES OF CLIMATE: PERPETUAL DAY; ETERNAL NIGHT.

TWO MONOCHROME DRAWINGS BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.Soc.ARTS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ON THE PERPETUAL DAY SIDE OF THE PLANET MERCURY: A SUN-BAKED SURFACE.



ON THE ETERNAL NIGHT SIDE OF MERCURY: GLACIAL CONDITIONS, AND A BRILLIANT AURORA.

A PLANET LATELY FOUND TO TURN ALWAYS ONE SIDE TO THE SUN: MERCURY—TWO IMAGINARY LANDSCAPES DEPICTING RESPECTIVELY THE SUPPOSED EXTREME CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

"The latest observations of the planet Mercury," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "have been made by the renowned planetary observer, M. Antoniadi, who has devoted a five months' vigil to this planet, using the 33-inch telescope of the Meudon Observatory, which is the largest refractor in Europe. The results confirm those of Schiaparelli by showing that the dusky areas on the planet's surface always remain stationary relatively to the sun, and that the planet, therefore, always turns the same side toward its primary, completing one rotation on its axis during its eighty-eight-day journey round the sun. Mercury

being only one-third the earth's distance from the sun, on the side which is perpetually exposed to the fierce rays the heat is theoretically seven times greater than that of the hottest parts of our globe. Indeed, recent radiometric measures by Pettit and Nicholson denote a temperature so high that, if rivers exist at all, they must be composed of something resembling molten lead. On the eternally frozen dark side, where the temperature is estimated at 450 degrees below zero F., we may imagine a super-glacial cloak many miles thick. The darkness is probably relieved by brilliant auroral displays."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Victorian nicknames saw in a bookseller's window a volume entitled "Dizzy and the Faery," it might easily be taken for one of the children's gift-books popular at this season. Yet such a title might not inaptly be chosen, in fanciful vein, for a record of the friendship between a famous British Prime Minister and his Sovereign. There are innumerable allusions to Queen Victoria in "THE LETTERS OF DISRAELI TO LADY BRADFORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD," 1873 to 1881. Edited by the Marquess of Zetland. Two vols. Illustrated (Benn; 42s.). Next to the actual recipients of the letters, indeed, the Queen figures most prominently in this unique correspondence, and she is everywhere referred to as "The Faery."

Thus, of a visit to Osborne in 1874, Disraeli writes: "The Faery sent for me the instant I arrived. I can only describe my reception by telling you that I really thought she was going to embrace me. She was wreathed with smiles, and as she talked glided about the room like

comes "KING GEORGE V. IN HIS OWN WORDS." By F. A. Mackenzie. Illustrated (Benn; 12s. 6d.). "His Majesty has revealed himself," writes the author, "in his speeches and messages to the Empire, without any effort at concealment. Time after time he has addressed his people with a simple directness about his hopes and aims. . . . In this volume I have brought together the speeches and messages of the King since the day when, as a young sailor Prince, he made his first brief public pronouncement in the Guildhall. The main speeches and documents are given in full, save for complimentary introductions and references of only momentary concern. From a large number of others I have endeavoured to select the passages of chief interest which reveal most clearly the mind of our Monarch."

Allowing for a certain formality inseparable from royal utterances in public, these extracts admirably fulfil their purpose of conveying his Majesty's constant care for his people both in war and peace. Despite the formality, moreover, an obviously personal note is frequently sounded, while the author's running commentary, explaining the circumstances of each occasion, makes the book, within its limits, an interesting chronicle of events.

It seems safe to presume that there will be added to the royal library a copy of a book so intimately connected with a favourite pastime of his Majesty as "THE 'BRITANNIA' AND HER CONTEMPORARIES." By B. Heckstall-Smith. With twenty plates and two plans (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). The record of the King's famous cutter, built by the late George Watson in 1893, is one of the strangest stories in the annals of yachting. After four years, King Edward set her aside as out of date and out-classed, but under King George

Britannia returned to racing and competed successfully against modern yachts. She has started in 461 races and has won 196 first prizes. Everyone hopes that the King will be able to race her again at Cowes next year. In telling the story of yachting during the last thirty-six years, the author writes from long experience and with great enthusiasm for the sport.

Queen Victoria's only surviving son has during his long life done splendid service to the Empire, and there is abundance of interest, both personal and historical, in the account of his career as recorded in "H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHMORE." A Life and Intimate Study. By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. With the Assistance of Evelyn Graham. Illustrated (Harrap; 21s.). This is an official biography which has been read and passed for publication by the Duke's Equerry and Comptroller, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray. It is enlivened by a wealth of anecdote. Last year, the Duke kept the sixtieth anniversary of his entry into the Army as a subaltern in the Royal Engineers, and May 1, 1930, will be the eightieth anniversary of his birth. This opportune book will appeal to many readers, not only in this country, but also in India, South Africa, and Canada, where the Duke is so well remembered.

Yet another new book linked with the House of Windsor is a collection of short memoirs entitled "ROYAL MARYS."

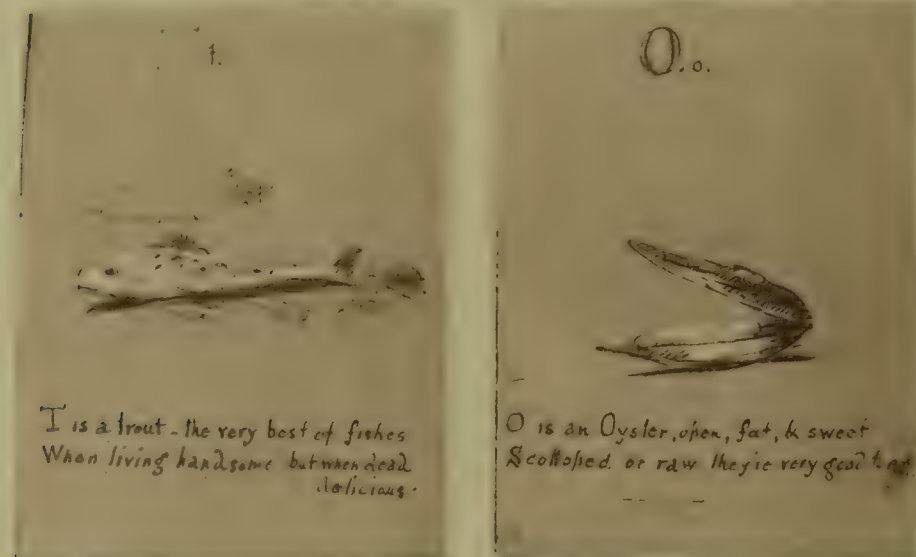
Princess Mary and Her Predecessors. By E. Thornton Cook. With Portraits (Murray; 9s.). The coincidence of a name brings together here a group of royal ladies of many periods, so that the element of historical continuity is naturally lacking, but individually the ten biographies-in-little are very attractively written.

The life-story of one of these bygone namesakes of Princess Mary is told in full in a serious work by a writer who, after making a reputation for historical romance, has latterly turned with equal effect to historical biography. Her new book is "THE THIRD MARY STUART." Mary of York, Orange, and England. Being a Character-Study with Memoirs and Letters of Queen Mary II. of England, 1662-1694. By Marjorie Bowen. With sixteen illustrations (Lane; 18s.). "The present work," writes Miss Bowen, "only deals with politics where absolutely necessary. The Queen's writings largely explain themselves. . . . This is not a history of the reign of Mary II., nor of the great events through which she passed, but a sketch of her character based on her own intimate diaries and letters."

Perhaps the most interesting feature of her story is the fact that a marriage of State between two strangers developed, especially on her side, into passionate devotion. William's love, more restrained, was unsuspected till her death. His grief then was uncontrolled. "At last (we read) the husband, so reserved, thought to be so cold, so imperious, so neglectful, declares himself. . . . William III. spared nothing to honour this dear memory . . . and a superb monument (was) erected—Greenwich Hospital, on the site of the palace of Elizabeth, a project always dear to Mary's heart." Readers who, relying on the memories of school history-books, think vaguely of a period headed "William and Mary," are enabled by Miss Bowen's research and literary skill to visualise all that lies behind that glibly repeated pair of names.

It often happens, in the general perversity of things, that, after I have planned an article on an associated group of books, another one of cognate interest turns up at the last moment. This devastating circumstance has just occurred again, and, although I have not had time to read much of the volume, I feel that a review of books connected with royalty ought not to omit one that tells the story of a historic building associated with our rulers for many centuries. The book in question is "THE STORY OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE." An Unconventional Study of the Palace from its Earliest Times, together with Some Account of the Anecdotes and Vivid Personalities connected with it. By Bruce Graeme. With thirty-two Photogravure Plates (Hutchinson; 24s.).

This work is a companion volume to "The Story of Buckingham Palace," published last year. "St. James's Palace," writes the author, "has had a chequered career,



HOW THACKERAY HELPED A LITTLE BOY TO LEARN HIS LETTERS: A PAGE FROM AN AMUSING ALPHABET COMPOSED BY HIM ABOUT 1833.

IMPROVISED TO DRY A CHILD'S TEARS: A PAGE FROM THE ALPHABET WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY THACKERAY ON SHEETS OF NOTEPAPER.

a bird." And again, in 1875: "The Faery was very gracious. She would make me sit down even in the Presence Chamber. . . . When I took my leave, I would put my golden chair back in its place that the breach of etiquette should be kept a secret. So I told her—and she smiled!"

Lord Zetland's comment is: "In Disraeli's own vivid imagination, his relations with his Sovereign were suffused with a halo of rich romance . . . for Disraeli Queen Victoria had for some time been, and ever afterwards remained . . . the incarnation sometimes of Titania, more often perhaps of the 'Faery Queen' of the Elizabethan poet, for, as Mr. Buckle has pointed out (i.e., in the official Life of Disraeli recently reissued in two vols.), it was after the romantic fashion of Raleigh's service to Queen Elizabeth that Disraeli conceived of his own service to Queen Victoria."

There has, perhaps, never been a more extraordinary revelation of the private thoughts and sentiments of a great statesman, while at the head of affairs, than that afforded by these letters, at once touching and entertaining. When his wife died, in 1872, after thirty-three years of happy intimacy, seeking consolation he resumed an acquaintance of forty years' standing with two sisters who had been noted beauties in their day, daughters of the then Lord Forester. One was now the widow of the Earl of Chesterfield, and the younger one the wife of the Earl of Bradford. From 1873 onward till his death in 1881, Disraeli wrote to them constantly, and no fewer than 1600 of his letters have been preserved. "Disraeli himself," we read, "was on the verge of the span of life allotted by the Psalmist, the widowed Lady Chesterfield had actually overstepped it, and Lady Bradford, though seventeen years younger, and happily married, was yet, like her sister, a grandmother. . . . Though he proposed matrimony to Lady Chesterfield—marriage with Lady Bradford being out of the question—it was well understood in the family circle that he did so mainly with a view to acquiring, as her brother-in-law, a surer claim upon the younger sister's society." The letters, however, in spite of their undertone of ardour—not to say adoration—are those of a man of the world to women of the world, interested in politics, literature, and social affairs; and from that point of view they are brimful of interest. It may be added that the Marquess of Zetland, who has so ably performed his editorial task, is also the author (under his former title of Lord Ronaldshay) of the Life of Lord Curzon.

From a work so closely concerned with Queen Victoria, and containing also many allusions to King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then, of course, Prince and Princess of Wales), it is appropriate to turn to a group of books about other members of the Royal Family. First among them



THACKERAY AS A "NURSERY" AUTHOR: A PAGE FROM A COMIC ALPHABET THAT HE WROTE AND ILLUSTRATED ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

New evidence of Thackeray's skill as a comic artist and versifier appears in the delightful little book from which these illustrations are reproduced. A preface explains its interesting origin. One day, about 1833, while visiting Macready at Sherborne, Thackeray called on some friends, Major James Chadwick and his wife. There he found a small boy in trouble because he would not learn his letters, and, asking for some notepaper, he composed and illustrated this amusing alphabet on the spot. The little boy was the late Col. Edward Frederick Chadwick (1829-1915), and the preface is by one of his children.

All illustrations from "The Thackeray Alphabet." Written and Illustrated by William Makepeace Thackeray (3s. 6d.). By Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

and, although it has not changed hands as often as Buckingham Palace, it can boast of a far more picturesque and fascinating story. To-day it is still the Court of St. James's. Nevertheless, its history is little known, even though for absorbing romance it is little less intriguing than that of the immortal palace of Versailles. The illustrations are particularly effective. I never knew that George II. looked like that!

(Continued on page 964.)



VIRGIN "BEAUTY" PORTRAYED BY THE NOVELIST WHO CREATED BECKY SHARP: AN ILLUSTRATED VERSE FROM THACKERAY'S COMIC ALPHABET.

TREASURES OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER DESTINED TO CHANGE OWNERS.

FINE EXAMPLES OF CRAFTSMANSHIP IN STUART AND GEORGIAN TIMES.



1. WITH COVER INVERTIBLE FOR USE AS A SEPARATE VESSEL: A COMMONWEALTH PORRINGER AND COVER, OR CAUDLE CUP, MADE IN LONDON, 1659. (9½ IN. WIDE.)



2. ONE OF SIX 17TH-CENTURY ESCALLOP-SHELL BUTTER DISHES: OBVERSE (ABOVE) AND REVERSE.



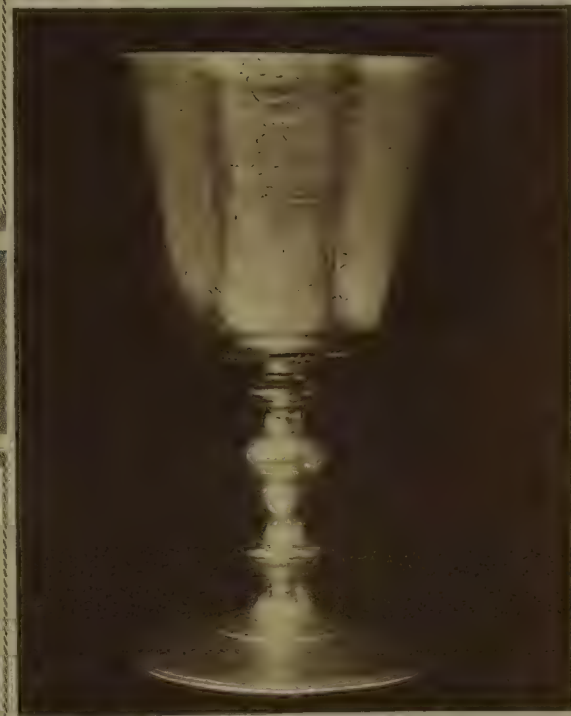
3. BEARING THE DATE 1663: AN EARLY CHARLES II. PORRINGER AND CAUDLE CUP, EMBOSSED WITH TULIPS—THE COVER FITTING LIKE A CAP.



4. A JAMES II. TOILET SERVICE WITH THE COVERS FINELY ENGRAVED WITH A COAT OF ARMS: A SET BY ANTHONY NELME, LONDON, 1685.



5. A QUEEN ANNE SMALL LOVING CUP AND COVER, BY DAVID WILLAUME, LONDON, 1702; AND A PAIR OF WILLIAM III. CANDLESTICKS, BY PHILIP ROLLES, LONDON, 1697.



6. ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS COMPANY AND BEARING THE DATE 1660: A FINE CHARLES I. WINE-CUP. (7½ IN. HIGH.)



7. A GEORGE I. IRISH LOVING CUP AND COVER, ENGRAVED WITH A CONTEMPORARY CREST: WORK BY JOHN CUTHBERT, JUN., DUBLIN, 1715.

WE illustrate here some of the most notable examples of early English silver, belonging to various owners, included in a sale to be held at Sotheby's on December 5. A few further descriptive details from the catalogue may be of interest. (1) "The cover is domed, [Continued below.]



8. "BIG GAME" DECORATION: AN EARLY CHARLES II. COVERED PORRINGER, WITH A VERY FINE LARGE STAND, OR TAZZA, (ABOVE) INCLUDING FIGURES OF LION AND LIONESS, UNICORN, AND LEOPARD.

[Continued.] with a tazza-shaped headpiece, which serves as the foot if the cover, inverted, be used as another vessel. The maker's mark is A.M. in monogram, probably A. Moore. The Hanbury Cup of the Goldsmiths Company and a Standing Cup belonging to the Coach Makers Company are by the same maker." (2) One of "six rare 17th-century English escalloped shells, forming butter dishes, the reverses with an unusual matted ground, one of 1675, three of 1699, and a pair with maker's mark only." (3) "Circular body swelling at the skirt and then curving in towards the base; embossed with tulips and other flowers and foliage, and with two wide caryatid handles. . . . Inscribed W.S.F.S. 1663. London, 1662, maker's mark ET above a crescent in shield." (4) "Toilet service comprising an oblong mirror, a pair of octagonal boxes and covers, a pair of smaller boxes and covers,

and a pin cushion." (5) "The plain body (of the Loving Cup) supported on a boldly gadrooned base by cardwork ornaments designed as leaves. . . . Candlesticks with moulded baluster columns of circular section." (6) Inscribed with the names of Thomas Williams and John Aymes, Wardens, and William Rose, with date 1660. (7) "The two handles of harp shape, and with an unusual decoration of leafage." (8) "A very fine early Charles II. porringer, with cover and stand, in remarkable condition, the porringer with plain neck, everted lip and caryatid handles, the swelling body embossed and chased with the lion and unicorn among lilies, tulips, daffodils, etc.; the cover similarly decorated and with baluster knob (8 in. high). The stand, or tazza, is a magnificent example of large size, the border embossed and chased with a lion, lioness, leopard, and unicorn."

EAST-AND-WEST JAPAN AS ILLUSTRATED BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.



1. A BLEND OF EAST AND WEST IN TOKYO FASHIONS: "TWO MODERN YOUNG GIRLS"—ONE IN A PARIS FROCK WITH JAPANESE UMBRELLA; THE OTHER IN A KIMONO WITH A PARIS PARASOL.



2. WHERE THEATRE AUDIENCES REMOVE THEIR SOCKS AND STOCKINGS: "CONFUSION IN THE CLOAK-ROOM OF A TOKYO THEATRE AFTER THE PERFORMANCE."



3. TWO EUROPEANS (IN EVENING DRESS, BACKGROUND) AS GUESTS AT A DINNER PARTY, WITH GEISHA GIRLS IN ATTENDANCE: "THE BANQUET."

Some very interesting glimpses of social life in modern Japan are afforded in these remarkable paintings, done on silk, by a contemporary Japanese artist, M. Rakuten Kitazawa, of Tokyo. No. 1 shows a curious blend of the fashions of East and West, for while the girl on the left in a Paris frock is carrying a Japanese umbrella, the other one combines a *kimono* with a Parisian parasol held unopened in her right hand. A note supplied with No. 2 says: "The Japanese at a theatre remove their shoes and deposit them, with their umbrellas and so on, in the cloak-room. After the performances there is a noisy struggle until all have received back their belongings." No. 3 shows: "Two Europeans (centre) in evening dress as the guests of Japanese. Little Geishas do the honours. Such



4. THE JAPANESE EQUIVALENT OF A "BIG FIGHT" AT THE ALBERT HALL: "THE NATIONAL WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP"—A CROWDED OCCASION AT THE KOKUGIKAN.



5. NATIONAL COSTUME STILL WORN IN MODERN JAPAN: "THE SILK BELT"—A PAINTING EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

banquets mostly begin at about 5 o'clock, and end about 10 or 11 p.m. Europeans get very tired of sitting on floor-cushions. The drink is *sake*." Of No. 4 we read: "Wrestlers in Japan are divided into two large groups—West and East. Twice a year, in January and May, big matches take place in the Kokugikan, a specially built circus with a central platform." No. 5, "The Silk Belt," was exhibited at the autumn Salon in Paris.

Preliminary Suggestions for Christmas



A Christmas greeting appreciated by all hospitable friends is the box of Carr's delicious "Bruce" assorted biscuits, illustrated above. It is obtainable everywhere, and is favourite fare at the season's parties.

The Harwood self-winding wrist watch is a gift every busy person will appreciate. It needs no attention, and the winding is automatic as you wear it. A perfect timekeeper. The G.H.Q. are at 256, Regent Street, W.

Every woman loves perfumes, and will welcome eagerly the Erasmic Old English Lavender casket illustrated in the centre, which contains scent spray, perfume, vanishing cream, Talcum powder, and soap. It is obtainable at all the leading stores.



Christmas is not complete without a constant supply of chocolates. Above is one of the decorative boxes of Rowntree's delicious variety. It is sold at the actual price of the contents, so that the beautiful box costs nothing at all.

An ideal present for a man is the "New Fifty" box above, containing fifty Gillette blades, each one sealed in waxed paper to keep it fresh for use. The case is velvet lined, a miniature jewel-box, and the price is one guinea, at all chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

Handkerchiefs are always acceptable, and there are thousands from which to choose at Robinson and Cleaver's, of Regent Street, W., whence come the group on the left. The chiffon and lace dance kerchief at the back costs 5/11, and the coloured georgette in front, with a striking hand-embroidered initial, is only 1/6.



Cigarettes which please sensitive throats are the cork-tipped Craven A, of which the scarlet tin on the left, containing 100, costs only 5/-. It is a happy solution.

A suggestion from the home of beautiful gifts, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W., is the unusual eight-day clock. It is of black marble and enamel; while the sentinel bird is of jade.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



EUROPEANS have collected these most decorative objects ever since the restoration of the Japanese Emperor in 1868, while the Japanese themselves have always looked upon swords and their fittings as things upon which no pains should be spared in the effort to make them both efficient and beautiful. The result is a profusion of delicate patterns throughout the centuries, thousands of known smiths and decorators, and a bewildering list of names, of processes, of schools—a mass of material which it is hopeless to attempt to analyse within the confines of a single article. All that is possible is to note very briefly the sort of pieces the amateur may acquire as the basis of a modest collection, and give some idea of their evolution.

The general form of the sword-guard (*tsuba*) can be seen from the illustrations, but, before discussing these one by one, I must ask the reader's indulgence while I set down a few generalisations. The first thing that strikes the enquirer into any manifestation of Japanese art is the amazing continuity of tradition which appears in a form totally unknown in our Western world. Perhaps I can best illustrate this by citing the case of the Goto family, the founder of which died in 1512: the line came to an end in 1856 with the death of the sixteenth direct descendant,

The second point I should like to make is that the sword was something more than a mere weapon of offence and defence in the Samurai class. Boys wore swords from infancy, and all through life etiquette demanded a profusion of sizes, shapes, and varying decoration. It is fair to argue that the Japanese artistic genius, which was in the main derivative and not notably original, while it borrowed its main motifs from China, reached the heights of fantasy and skill in just such small objects as are the subject of this note.

As I have pointed out, both patterns and artists are innumerable. A catalogue of a single collection which lies before me as I write contains nearly five thousand examples, amongst which is not a single duplicate. It will readily be understood that the photographs on this page are to be regarded as representing the merest skeleton of a possible collection. At the same time, they are typical of the main varieties, and give some idea of the evolution of the *tsuba* from about 1500 onwards.

Fig. 1 is the earliest pattern, and can be placed somewhere in the sixteenth century. It is of iron, flat, thin, and has low-relief decoration—the so-called Kamakura style—and has no additional metal adornment. It is a matter of argument when exactly a sword-guard was first pierced with holes for purely decorative purposes. One can imagine an armourer putting on a plain guard, and then finding it too heavy for the sword, but there seems to be no definite evidence for a particular date. The best judges appear to agree upon the year 1500

as the earliest possible. The objection that a pierced guard upon a weapon meant for use and not for parade only might very well defeat its own purpose, is met by the argument that the art of swordsmanship consisted in using the point for both

Fig. 2 is an example of brass inlay on iron. This type of decoration, known as *Yoshiro*, originated before 1600, and has been used continually ever since. It is of great simplicity and attractiveness. Figs. 3 and 4 must be considered together. Both depend for their effect upon a, more or less simple

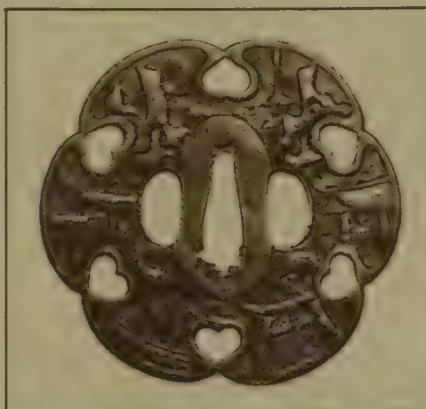


FIG. 1. THE EARLIEST TYPE OF JAPANESE SWORD-GUARD: AN ARCHAIC IRON *TSUBA* (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

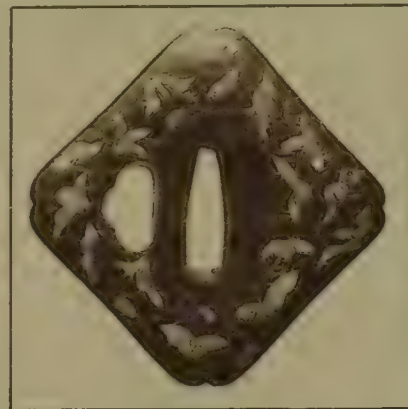


FIG. 2. BRASS INLAY ON IRON: A SWORD-GUARD OF THE *YOSHIRO* TYPE ORIGINATED BEFORE 1600.

geometric pattern, but, whereas Fig. 3 has a stark severity which is wholly native, Fig. 4 shows a foreign, and it is not fanciful to suggest, a Portuguese influence in its complicated convolutions. This latter piece is an example of Namban style. The word means Southern Barbarians, and was used by the Chinese to describe all foreigners who came to China from the South, whatever their nationality. Japanese opinion does not think much of the Namban *tsuba*. "They are," says one learned writer, "not valuable, but very curious, and doubtless made for people of eccentric tastes." Their interest for European collectors is considerable. Even more obviously Western designs are to be found—e.g., figures dressed in European clothes, and Dutch boats.

Fig. 5, from the Province of Choshu, is a type which has found a ready market in Europe on account of its fine patina and delicate chasing. Here, again, the task of differentiating between the work of various artists is exceedingly difficult. Eight families are known, and there are more than one hundred individual names. Niceties of this sort, however, will not trouble the average collector, who will be content to choose pieces which please his æsthetic feelings rather than delve too deeply into matters of signatures and families.

If some of these examples appear too severe for every taste, perhaps Fig. 6 will afford an adequate contrast. This type is of the school of Soten (the first of the name worked about the middle of the seventeenth century), and is deeply cut and full of life and movement. *Tsuba* of this school generally illustrate battle scenes and the myriad legends of Japan.

Fig. 7 is particularly simple and charming, being merely a fly-whisk worked in very soft iron. This particular example—Hamano school—is quite late (nineteenth century), and is without any inlay or colour, but there is about it a flowing rhythm and a sureness of touch which is exceedingly pleasing. The common complaint against Japanese ornament,

that it is rather fussy and over-decorated, would seem in more than one of these examples to be without foundation. Figs. 1, 3, and 7 could scarcely be more simple.



FIG. 3. ENTIRELY JAPANESE IN ITS SEVERITY OF DESIGN: A SWORD-GUARD WITH A SIMPLE GEOMETRIC PATTERN—A CONTRAST TO FIG. 4.



FIG. 4. SHOWING EUROPEAN (PROBABLY PORTUGUESE) INFLUENCE IN ITS COMPLICATED CONVOLUTIONS: A JAPANESE SWORD-GUARD OF *NAMBAN* STYLE.

and every one of these sixteen was a notable craftsman who carried on the original business of his ancestor.

The history of this family also provides amusing evidence of the enthusiasm for sword-fittings among the Japanese nobility as early as the seventeenth century, when, under the rule of Tokugawa, the country enjoyed a period of peace. It became the vogue to collect various sword-fittings by dead masters of the Goto clan, and living members gave certificates of authenticity. It seems that for a long time only genuine examples were certified, but eventually the experts became more amenable—not to bribery, but to other and no less efficacious forms of inducement. Pity the conscience of a poor artist when asked to certify a sword-guard owned by a great feudal noble who possessed powers of life and death! Anyway, there are records of pieces "having been refused once, rejected again, and, finally, certified under great pressure!"



FIG. 5. A JAPANESE SWORD-GUARD FROM THE PROVINCE OF CHOSHU: A TYPE APPRECIATED IN EUROPE FOR ITS FINE PATINA AND DELICATE CHASING.

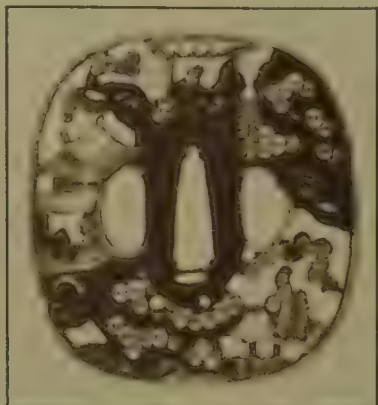


FIG. 6. DEEPLY CUT, AND FULL OF LIFE AND MOVEMENT IN ITS DESIGN: A JAPANESE SWORD-GUARD OF THE SCHOOL OF *SOTEN*.

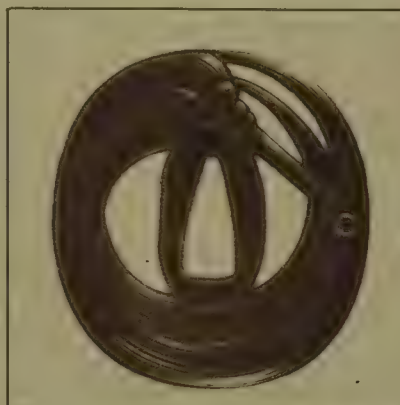


FIG. 7. A SIMPLE AND CHARMING DESIGN IN VERY SOFT IRON: A NINETEENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE SWORD-GUARD OF THE *HAMANO* SCHOOL.

All Photographs on this Page by Courtesy of Messrs. Davies and Horne.

attack and defence, so that *tsuba* could be regarded more and more as ornaments rather than as essentials for serious fighting. Whether useful or not, they were certainly ornamental.

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— M. P. 29 —

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 940.)

a genius, and possesses all the histrionic gifts by intuition.

Yet I feel that Miss Irene Vanbrugh has not yet reached the zenith of her development. Now that she stands alone, her "I am I" will express itself more freely than before. In the crucial scene of Mr. Benn Levy's play, she burst into such emotional effusion which moved us as she had never moved us before. Had the scene been less theatrical, it would have made the play; now it was redeemed by the actress, who threw her soul into it and elicited heart tones from artificial strings. The day will come when somebody will discover in Irene Vanbrugh the making of a tragédienne. He will let her appear in Euripides; she will play Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts," and then, I prophesy, the accomplished actress—as she is now acclaimed—will rise to greatness.

At the pretty little Duchess Theatre—almost a baby of the gigantic Dominion in form—which, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Gibbons, enriches London with a cosy playhouse furnished with comfortable fauteuils from stalls to upper circle, Mr. Jack de Leon, as I write, revives Mr. Hubert Griffith's poignant war-play, "Tunnel Trench," which was produced on a Sunday night in 1925. I cannot foretell the effect it will have on the general public, but I venture to repeat in brief my unforgettable impressions of its first production. The play is the raw, real picture of that awful business which makes the earth quake and destroys the flower of youth in wanton sacrifice. For what? For senseless ambition, greed, and all that should have been reformed in human nature by the Sermon on the Mount.

These pictures are poignant. They are not copied. They are lived. Mr. Griffith has been in it, and his soul has writhed in pain. Did ever a war-scene, to an outsider, bring home a fragment of reality so terribly and so truly as that sight of the dug-out where a corpse lay, where a German, shot through the spine, lingered in the last throes, yet was human and fraternal enough to hand his enemy, pierced in the stomach, his flask to quench intolerable thirst? Was ever an agony more stirring than when, in that death-hole, the brother found his brother, and heard him day-dream in his last spasms of home, sweet home, and the cubs getting restive, waiting for ladies in sporting raiment? This play moved me

unspeakably. Here is the war-play *de bonne foy*, as the old French poet said, a play that will hand down more vividly than narratives of personal experience the picture as it really was, akin to Barbusse's "Fou." And I say "Good luck!" to the author who wrote it, as he felt it, in the wake of Luther's "I cannot otherwise, God help me! Amen!"

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THIRD TIME LUCKY." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

VICTORIAN audiences would have felt at home with Mr. Arnold Ridley's farce, "Third Time Lucky"; they enjoyed seeing a parson turned into a figure of fun, as the vogue of "The Private Secretary" shows; and here in Mr. Ridley's piece is a rector plunged into predicaments as ludicrous as were those of the famous curate, Mr. Spalding. This rector has a girl ward, Jennifer, whom he would like to marry; but, while he is diffidently hesitating over his proposal, she tells him she is already engaged, and is being blackmailed over letters she had written to another, and earlier, admirer. When once the rector has resolved to get back the letters for the girl, and turn burglar for her sake, he becomes little more than a buffoon. We see him, poor innocent, try to pick a safe with a penknife; he is surprised at his job by a real burglar; he hides in the safe and wriggles out again; he is mock-valiant with a toy pistol. Mr. Hugh Wright, a good actor, deserves to have less old-fashioned material to work on than is given him in this play at the Ambassadors, but scores decidedly, as does Mr. Frank Bertram as the burglar, especially in the disguise of an archdeacon; while Miss Joan Harben makes a pleasant young ward.

THE ARDROSSAN PLAYERS AT HAMMERSMITH.

The Ardrossan and Saltcoats Players, a little band of Ayrshire working folk who won the Lord Howard de Walden Trophy in London and the Belasco Cup in America, and have toured in Canada, the United States, and their own Scotland, are making a welcome appearance at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Their programme begins with a "Nicht wi' Burns," an entertainment in which we are supposed to watch Burns and his cronies in a Dumfries bar parlour, singing, with the aid of landlady and serving-maid, a series of Burns lyrics linked together by brief passages of Scottish talk. The songs are beautifully

rendered; the scheme is neatly varied between sentiment and humour; and Mr. Jack Lambert pictures for us a manly-looking poet. Then the Players figure in Sir James Barrie's poignant little war-sketch, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and here once more their good team-work produces harmony, though the outstanding figures are the representatives of the old lady and the soldier son she adopts—Miss Isabel Jamieson and Mr. Lambert, whose performances are as carefully characterised as sincere.

To keep a diary is frequently a New Year's resolution, and so a diary is a very welcome gift at Christmas or the New Year. Messrs. John Walker and Co. have, as usual, a wide selection of diaries to choose from. The loose-leaf diaries are perhaps the most useful for the busy man, since they can be changed to a cash-book or note-book and the leaves filed; they are obtainable in various sizes and bindings, and from one to seven days to a page. The range of Tablet Diaries, Weekly Memorandum Pads, and Desk Diaries is extensive. The Pearl, Ruby, and Ladies' Diaries are both dainty and artistic, and can be had in several colours. Messrs. Walker's half-hour and quarter-hour appointment books are obviously suitable for the business man; but everybody's memory occasionally needs to be jogged, and the engagement book, in a tasteful binding, makes a gift universally acceptable.

Novelty is welcome at any time, but particularly so at Christmas. This year Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have produced Gramophone Record Christmas cards, which can be sent through the post without damage, are non-inflammable, and will play many times. They are sold in a box of three (at 2s. 6d.), and each card plays a different message. As usual, Messrs. Tuck have designed the Royal Family's Christmas cards; while the more ordinary cards can be obtained in numerous artistic designs, including cloth-cards with metal tabs inscribed with a greeting. The Christmas Auto-Stationery is excellent for those who buy their cards in boxes. For the children there are paper-modelling books, a large selection of fairy and adventure stories, including the old favourite "Robinson Crusoe," indestructible calico books, jig-saw puzzles, and picture panoramas. There is also a wide range in attractive calendars, while the Household Hints Calendar should be especially useful to women.

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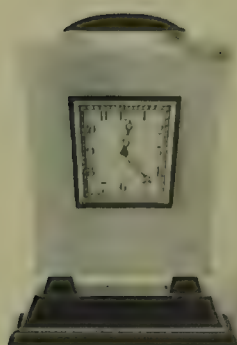
senopellebantur
sic acerrimi britannorum
pridem ceciderunt reliquissent
numerus ignavorum dentium.
quos quod tandem inuenissent
nonne miserunt sed deprehensit
nouissima res & extremum
corpora defixere aciem in his
uestigis in quibus pulchram
& spectabilem uictoriam edo-
rit transigere cum expeditionibus
imponere quinquaginta annis
magnum diem ad probatam
numquam exercitum in putari
potuisse aut moras belli aut cau-
sas rebellandi.
Et adloquente adhuc agricola
militum ardorem inibat & si
nemonationis ingentis lacrimas
consecrata est statimque ad arma
discurrunt in sinu fruentis
machinis ut pedum auxilia
quae octomilium erant medi-
aciem firmarent equitum tria
milia cornibus adfunderentur
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manum sanguinem bellandi
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The perfect story of Fateh Pur-Sikri has been waiting to be written; this is it. To read "The Near and the Far" is to experience an intellectual delight, whether you know Fateh Pur-Sikri or whether you do not. Many books have been written about Akbar; his life-story apart, the architecture of his age is an inspiration. This book is full of word pictures that recapture the India too easily lost sight of in the dust of modern political controversy. It never seems to enter the heads of the politicians that the English who have served in India may have loved her deeply and interpreted her well. "The Near and the Far" might give them an inkling. The contemplative Rajah of the novel is not the only one who, by a northern Indian water-tank, has reflected that here is a picture of the condition towards which the spirit strives, and felt that he loved the place with intensity; or who, passing as Hari passes through the forest, has felt the turbulent activities of the world receding beyond the trail of memory itself. "The Near and the Far" is much more than a beautiful reconstruction of a memorable era in Indian history. It is an open door to the better understanding of the spell the country casts on sensitive and thinking men, and which is none the less potent when they are her servants by adoption.

WINDLESTRAWS. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Although the basic situation in "Windlestraws" imposes a strain on the reader's credence, there is no doubt that Phyllis Bottome has treated it with unusual distinction. It is probably correct to say, as she says, that it could not have been developed in any other country than England, or in any other section of English life than the English privileged classes—assuming, of course, that it could have been so developed at all. Beatrice Falconer is *La Belle Dame sans Merci*; lovely, dominant, insatiable in the claims she makes on her worshippers. True to tradition, she holds her knights in thrall. They are modern gentlemen, who have been companions in arms in the Great War: they are loyal to her without being disloyal to each other. Jean Arbutnot, the girl who is introduced at Windlestraws to serve Beatrice's ends, falls under her spell too, and at the same time falls in love with Ian, the man whom the devouring lady desires, but may not have. (The point of the dual allegiance of the members of her court is admirably made.) In the age of chivalry, castles would have been burned and cities laid waste for Beatrice. In an English country house it is hearts alone that are devastated. The manner of "Windlestraws" cannot be praised too highly; it is extraordinarily finished. The minor characters—Char and Lady Margaret—are perfectly modelled. But Miss Bottome does not quite convince us that either Ian or Jean would have acted as she makes them act.

DEATH-IN-THE-BOX. By MARCUS MAGILL. (Knopf; 7s. 6d.)

"Death-in-the-Box" provides what many otherwise exemplary thrillers fall short of—a racy humour. What is more, when the time comes for the murder to be produced, it is done with electrifying effect. As little as possible is seen of the police, and it is a delightfully intelligent old lady, a sofa invalid, who points to clues that her young friends are required to follow. Most of the trouble arose from a practical joke. To have an emu delivered in your bijou residence half an hour before important guests are due to arrive is enough to madden any young hostess, though why she should have tried to hush it up is difficult to understand. It ought to have been a capital subject to break the ice of the dinner-party. As it was, the emu burst out of its wire entanglement, and broke up the furniture, and also the party. You will laugh with Marcus Magill, and you will not fail to be thrilled as well. "Death-in-the-Box" is quipsy and original, and in every way a capital entertainment.

MYSTERY AT FURZE ACRES. By DAVID WHITELAW. (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.)

Mystery is thickly sown at Furze Acres by Mr. David Whitelaw. It would be hard to match the crop of thrills that he has harvested. At the bottom of the affair lies the immemorial cause of untold trouble—the sexual jealousies aroused by a beautiful woman. The story of the tragedy at Furze Acres falls under the heading of *crimes passionnelles*, crimes that are ably discussed by Harvey Brent, barrister-at-law, in his foreword to the Hampshire reporter's account of the affair. When Brent has had his say, the newspaper man proceeds with the narrative, opening with Sir Bernard Ferrin brooding over his wife's friendship for an attractive young architect, Paul Travers. So (as Mr. Brent had previously pointed out) the tyrant of Rimini might have watched and waited while Paolo and Francesca drew nearer and nearer to their hour of doom. Or so might Mr. Smith, of Pimlico, have let his fancy play until a peculiarly atrocious murder shaped itself and sprang full-grown from his brain. Mr. Whitelaw is a consummate story-teller, and he knows that the best stories are as old as human nature. This is one of the best of them, adapted to a quiet English countryside, and most dramatically recast and retold.

SEVEN BROTHERS. By ALEXIS KIVI. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)

That "Seven Brothers" is the work of a great prose poet comes clearly through the translation by Alex Matson. It is impossible to guess how much or how little of Alexis Kivi's language is dimmed when one reads "Seven Brothers" in English instead of the original Finnish. What is certain is that the book is a masterpiece, epic, dramatic, and lyric. Kivi himself struggled in poverty; the Finnish reading public in his day was too small to support him, and too limited in culture to appreciate a poet of massive and solitary genius. The life-time of Kivi coincided with the national awakening of Finland; but the supremacy of the native language over Swedish, which had been the language of the educated classes, was not yet attained. And so it is that we are able to read "Seven Brothers" and recognise the greatness of its creator, while it stands on record that he was unknown to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen when he lived. It is the story of the seven brothers who left their farms and disappeared into the forest, emerging when they had conquered wild beasts and furious men, and the primeval forces of the woodland. That is the faint outline of "Seven Brothers," a book far too significant to have justice done to it in a brief review.

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GREAT THINGS COME FROM SCOTLAND!



A Scot—painted by a Scot! Raeburn's 'MacNab' exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1819, was said by Sir Thomas Lawrence to be the finest portrait of a man within his ken. And what intense virility, what stern dignity there is in that fine old face! Firmly upright, his bearing speaks pride in his race, in his inheritance, in his ancestry. In the resplendent uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Breadalbane Fencibles, he typifies the true Highland Scot, dour, indomitable, proud. Raeburn, in making the very spirit and soul of MacNab blaze out from the canvas, has brought to his own skill, to the personality of his sitter—and to Scotland—a surer immortality!

WHO SAYS DEWAR'S?

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"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT."

(Continued from Page 954.)

All the phases have their fascinations and their myriad facets; but it may be presumed that most attention will be attracted to that which is of the War—the Great War which is now so far History that it has become a fashion and, as some would say, a hysteria! Robert Graves saw his first corpse in France—a suicide; he saw his last corpse in France—a suicide. He records the fact; but he does not underline it. Nor does he treat it as symptomatic. He was young enough, and, consequently, combative enough, to realise the lure of fighting, much as he despised it, and much as he reckoned it in terms of tedious takings and retakings of trenches to achieve "ascendancy"; and he was fit enough in the earlier days, at all events, to feel a grim familiarity with Death. At the end, at the Armistice, the news sent him out walking alone "along the dyke above the marshes of Rhuddlan (an ancient battlefield, the Flodden of Wales) cursing and sobbing and thinking of the dead." But before that he had played his part. It is meet that he should have set it down.

Horrors he saw and of horrors he tells; the bestial he saw, the callous, the Berserk, hard-drinking by the nerve-strained, the Blue Lamp for officers and the Red Lamp for men; he heard echo of atrocities and revenge, of the calculated "Shall we kill or save?" of those in peril; he knew the pitiful prayer for a "Blighty," and the hope that was behind the luck of a wound; he marked the sniper's ghastly "gold"; he watched the poisonous "accessory," our gas; the cry, "Stretcher-bearers!" was constant; he was sickened by the revolting spent cannon-fodder, the shelled, the bulleted, the shrapnelled, the bombed and the bayonet-stricken, the bowie-knifed and the clubbed, the whimpering of the casualties, the wheezing gassed, the long-indying. Of these, too, he tells; but not sensationally, writing, as it were, the notes of a dread dissonance. For he was aware of other, more human, things: the gallantry, the selflessness, the comradeship—lilies in a muck-heap.

That, however, is by way of generalising; and "Good-bye To All That" is not a generalisation.

It is a One Man Show—to use an exhibition term—paramountly personal, "'Very Freudian,' as one says now." That is the secret of the success it will have. It is very revealing and very real: Self Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

A sketch that went to the making of it—an indicator of style. "By this time I had caught the pessimism of the division. Its spirit in the trenches was largely defensive; the policy was not to stir the Germans into more than their usual hostility. But casualties were still very heavy for trench warfare. Pessimism made everyone superstitious. I became superstitious too: I found myself believing in signs of the most trivial nature. Sergeant Smith, my second sergeant, told me of my predecessor in command of the platoon. 'He was a nice gentleman, Sir, but very wild. Just before the Rue du Bois show he says to me: 'By the way, Sergeant, I'm going to get killed to-morrow. I know that. And I know that you're going to be all right. So see that my kit goes back to my people. You'll find their address in my pocket-book. You'll find five hundred francs there too. Now remember this, Sergeant Smith: you keep a hundred francs yourself and divide up the rest among the chaps left.' He says: 'Send my pocket-book back with my other stuff, Sergeant Smith, but for God's sake burn my diary. They mustn't see that. I'm going to get it here!' He points to his forehead. And that's how it was. He got it through the forehead all right. I sent the stuff back to his parents. I divided up the money and I burnt the diary.'

"One day I was walking along a trench at Cambrin when I suddenly dropped flat on my face; two seconds later a whizz-bang struck the back of the trench exactly where I had been. The sergeant who was with me, walking a few steps ahead, rushed back: 'Are you killed, Sir?' The shell was fired from a battery near Auchy only a thousand yards away, so that it must have arrived before the sound of the gun. How did I know that I should throw myself on my face?"

Why I should have chosen that particular passage for quotation I do not know—possibly in subconscious tribute to the present-moment revival of interest in the psychic! It will serve as well as any other: it is sufficiently characteristic. E. H. G.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 954.)

Since I mentioned, in a former article, some new books on Africa, in view of the approaching tour of the Prince of Wales, several others have come to hand. One of the most attractive—though not, I believe, about a district which he will visit—bears the unconventional title, "THEN I SAW THE CONGO." By Grace Handrau. With Maps and Illustrations (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). Of this singularly vivid and well-illustrated book I hope to say more anon. At the same time, I must mention three other works which are, geographically, more or less akin—namely, "THE GOLDEN LAND." A Record of Travel in West Africa. By Lady Dorothy Mills. Illustrated (Duckworth; 15s.). "KENYA MOUNTAIN." By E. A. T. Dutton. With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. With fifty-six full-page Illustrations (Cape; 21s.)—a beautiful book this; and, finally, "THE HUNTING AND SPOOR OF CENTRAL AFRICAN GAME." By Denis D. Lyell. With life-size Illustrations of most of the Game Tracks (Seecy Service; 31s. 6d.). Now I, too, must make tracks—for time (and space) are hot upon my trail. C. E. B.

As usual on the approach of Christmas, the British Museum has issued new cards in colour, reproduced from illuminated manuscripts. This year there are three new sets, each containing six cards (at 1s. the set), and five in the series of larger reproductions, which are protected by stiff wrappers and cost 1s. each. The new sets are "Ornamental Initials from English Manuscripts of the Thirteenth Century," and form practically a complete alphabet. Amongst the larger reproductions is a "Garden Scene," which makes a pair with "Dance in a Garden" issued last year, both of which come from a manuscript, "Roman de la Rose," and are Flemish illuminations of the late fifteenth century. Of great interest is a Flemish illumination of the Tower of London, showing London Bridge and the spires of the City, reproduced from the poems of Charles d'Orleans. Two others are Indo-Persian illuminations of stories and fables. In one the chamberlain of the King of Yaman is seen stealing a gold dish at a court banquet; in the other, Alexander the Great visits the Saint Khizr with many attendants. Both appropriate and tasteful for Christmas is the series, "Miniatures of the Nativity and Epiphany," depicting the Annunciation and Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, etc., all fifteenth-sixteenth-century illuminations.

MONTE CARLO

THE Riviera resort of the élite has opened its Winter Season in the most attractive manner with Comedy and Operetta performances which, under the able direction of M. René Blum, bid fair to make the famous Casino Theatre the favourite rendezvous of the English-speaking colony, who appear to take much interest in the coming of an all-English Company, who will give a couple of interesting plays in English.

The fine concerts, under the leadership of M. Paul Paray, have also begun, and are, as usual, filling the Salle Garnier to its utmost capacity.

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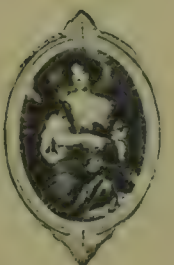
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE MODERN CAR IS CHEAP.—DOES MOTORING COST HALF IT DID BEFORE THE WAR?

I WONDER how many of us who suffer complainingly the burden of the dearer life, whose days bring, every one of them, some new and horrid computation of cost, some hated comparison of the price of everything before the war and now—I wonder which of us realises or appreciates the remarkable fact that motor-cars are far cheaper to-day, in 1929, than ever they were before? We quote the golden age of 1914, when living and playing were half the price they are now, but we generally seem to forget that, when it comes to cars, we are infinitely better off now—perhaps better off than we shall be again for a long time.

The Old Family Cars.

I am not thinking so much of the really low-priced cars, such as the little "Sevens" and "Eights" and "Tens" of British manufacture, nor of the wonderful array of bigish Americans, priced at anything from £170 to £300, as of the middle-sized car of between 12 and 16-h.p., the car which has for so many years really represented the needs of the average motorist in this country. Cars of this sort used to cost between £350 and £500 in that "great" year of 1914. They were good, solid, reliable machines, generally good for 25,000 miles' steady work without the need for overhaul; they had excellent coachwork; they could do about forty-five miles an hour on the level, climb any gradient—at their own pace—and put up a steady average speed of twenty to twenty-five miles an hour.

And the New Ones.

We were very proud of these old cars, and with justice. They were an immense advance on anything which had preceded them, and they seemed to us then to be almost incapable of improvement except in detail. What should we have thought of their descendants, fifteen years later, as we can buy them to-day? The same sort of car, of about the same size, about the same rated horse-power, of about the same price, is immeasurably more efficient. Its

average speed can be quite half as high again; its maximum is seldom less than sixty miles an hour; and its acceleration and its braking powers make it a car which would have held its own on any English road with machines of twice the power and three times the price in those days. The car of to-day, in fact, is in every respect superior.



A NEW CENTRE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE IN LONDON: IN THE CHILTERN COURT RESTAURANT.

The Chiltern Court Restaurant takes its name from the fine building of which it is a most important part. Conveniently situated both with regard to the West End and the City, it is yet away from the bustle and the noise. Of its three entrances, one leads from the main booking hall of Baker Street Station, one from the station approach road, and one from the flats in the main building above.

Their Greater Economy.

It is more economical, not only in fuel-consumption, which does not matter very much, but in tyres, which matter a great deal. The old 14-h.p. used to need a gallon of petrol for every twenty-two or twenty-four miles. So do the new ones; but those miles are covered in much less time, especially when you count them in hundreds. The old cars were considered to do pretty well if a set of four tyres lasted 4000 miles; we complain to-day if the new cars, with their sixty miles an hour and their violent acceleration and braking, want new tyres oftener than once in every 12,000 miles. And many do as much as 20,000 without causing special remark. If the old car and the new each cost £350, and you remember the comparative value of £350 in 1914 and 1929, and bear in mind the life and price of tyres and the service rendered, is it exaggerating to say that this particular sort of car-owning costs half of what it did?

The Famous Old Rover at £350.

That figure, £350, reminds me specially of the Rover. In the war year, and just before it, the Rover Company produced one of the most uniformly successful family cars ever made. It was the 12-h.p. four-cylinder tourer, taxable to-day at £14, and it made for itself and its makers a very enviable reputation. I had one myself, an early 1912 model, and it carried me 56,000 miles in two years over most of the roads between Land's End and Vienna. Among its (now) incredible achievements was the crossing and recrossing of the great Alpine Trial route, in June 1914, without boiling. It was sold several times during and after the war, and the news I had of it was always the same—"she keeps on going."

The New One—at £325.

It cost £350. Its descendant, the Light Rover "Six," costs £325 in its cheaper form and £355 in its more luxurious turn-out. There all resemblance ends, except, it may be, in petrol consumption. The new car has a 2-litre engine, with a bore and stroke of 65-by-101 mm., push-rod and rocker-operated overhead valves, and a single carburetter. Its capacity is a good deal smaller than that of the old

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.

"Twelve," though its tax-rating is £2 more. The crank-shaft carries a Lanchester vibration-damper and runs in four bearings. This "Light" model differs from the standard 2-litre in having a three-speed gear-box—and no alternative; but, except that everything has been lightened as far as possible (the wheel-base is only 8 ft. 10 in.), there is no other material modification.

Its Sensible Engine.

I like the look of that engine. It is a decent, workmanlike job, accessibly arranged, and a worthy successor to that wonderful old "Twelve." It runs very quietly at low speeds, perfectly respectably at high, and has no vibration-period worth mentioning. It is, according to modern Rover practice, lubricated "in one" with the clutch and gear-box, carrying in its sump the two gallons



TO MAKE A MOST ATTRACTIVE CRUISE: THE TRIPLE-SCREW EXPRESS STEAMER "CAP POLONIO," OF THE HAMBURG-SOUTH AMERICAN LINE.

The triple-screw express steamer "Cap Polonio," a beautiful vessel belonging to the Hamburg-South American Line, will leave Cadiz on January 29 for an attractive Levant cruise, which will last a month. She is a 21,000-ton ship built for Transatlantic service, and she contains every facility for comfort and recreation, such as a swimming-pool, a gymnasium, a book-stall, a flower-shop, and so forth. The cruise includes shore-visits at Barcelona, Villefranche, Messina, Malta, and a variety of sight-seeing arrangements in Egypt and the Holy Land. Particulars of the cruise may be obtained from Messrs. Stelp and Leighton, Ltd., 9-13, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.3, and also from the principal passenger agencies.

unreasonable. It works—and that is all that you can ask of any piece of machinery. Moreover, it makes for simplification of the responsibilities of an owner-driver.

trace of hesitation. Its top speed gear-ratio is fairly high, according to modern ideas—4.7 to 1 (most cars of this type are geared 5 to 1). I should say that somewhere about sixty-five miles an hour was its comfortable maximum, though, with a high wind to help, the speed-indicator showed quite five miles an hour more. Its second and bottom speeds are low for the power. I liked the steering and the brakes, and the road-holding, even in a gale of wind, was commendable. The front wheel springs gave steady and comfortable riding, but I thought the back springs could be improved. They were a little harsh, which may or may not have been due to improper adjustment of the shock-absorbers. The bodywork, the "Sportsman's Saloon," has impressive lines, suggestive of length and speed. There is rather more room in the back for full-sized people than is to be found in most



IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOS: A PICTURESQUE ARAB VILLAGE NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.

required for the entire outfit. Theoretically, this is an excellent scheme, and it is obviously successful in practice, or the makers would not still adhere to it, so that my personal objections to it must be

A Lively Car on Top.

The new Rover is a lively car on top gear, with a distinct taste for speed. It picks up very well and gets away, on a suddenly opened throttle, without a



A SIGHT THAT IS WORLD-FAMOUS: A VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS. NEAR GIZEH.

"Sportsman's coupés." Altogether, this new Rover may be considered a remarkable successor to the £350 "Twelve" of years gone by, which was one of the best pre-war cars. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LIX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

EVEN the most mechanically minded see beauty in sailing-yachts. A sailing-vessel pure and simple, however, is of little use to the modern yachtsman in these days of rush and bustle, except for racing purposes. I hope that this side of yachting will never lose its charms, but, even if it does, sails will never die out—in fact, there is every indication that they will become more popular on cruising-craft, thanks to the introduction of the small auxiliary motor.

I am often asked by prospective owners who are novices whether there is a type of motor-boat that will sail home should the engine break down. The answer depends on what, in the mind of the inquirer, is the definition of sailing. Personally, I have never seen such a boat, for the so-called "fifty-fifty" type cannot be called motor-boats in the true sense, added to which they are seldom found really satisfactory. The 100 per cent. sailing-boat that can motor slowly home when the wind fails is, however, quite another matter. She is the true auxiliary yacht, and, in my opinion, is both the ideal "floating home" and cruising-vessel. I strongly advise anyone who is hesitating, and who can afford the extra initial cost, to buy one.

Fashions in everything grow downwards from the *élite*, and those in yachts are no exception. Several large sailing-yachts have been built lately with auxiliary engines, for owners who have previously owned craft of almost every known type. Their opinion is therefore valuable, and their example has borne fruit already amongst the smaller fry, and would be copied more extensively if owners were less afraid of "paid hands."

The erroneous idea that sails require a much larger number of paid hands still persists. It is the remnant of long-past yachting days, and is kept alive by the fact that large crews are still required in big racing-yachts. The paid hands themselves are not blameless in this matter, for, being human, they prefer a large crew and less work. I know men who voluntarily suffer real hardships in undermanned trading-craft and fishing-vessels during the winter



THE "DAFFODIL": A 24-TON SCHOONER DESIGNED BY NORMAN E. DALLIMORE, AND BUILT BY W. KING AND SONS, BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH.

Staysail schooners of this type are becoming increasingly popular for all purposes, including long ocean passages.

Photograph by Beken and Son, Cowes.

months, yet, as yachting hands in the summer, will turn up their noses at some yacht which they think carries too small a crew, though it is really ample. After all, four-masted barques of 800 to 1000 tons seldom carried crews of more than thirty, and fore-and-aft-rigged trading-schooners cross the Atlantic with crews as small as four men. I feel safe, therefore, when I say that, providing she is given a modern labour-saving rig, and the owner and perhaps his wife lend a hand, an auxiliary cruising-yacht of 40 to 45 feet over all (about 25 tons) can be worked with one paid hand, with possibly a boy to help.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons why the small auxiliary cruiser has not been as popular as the motor-cruiser amongst novices is the inferior accommodation it provides compared with the latter. I see no reason why this should be the case beyond the fact that designers appear to be embedded in a rut created fifty years ago. Few present-day vessels of this type differ very much below decks, because any innovation is looked upon with suspicion by the "old hands." Next week or perhaps the week after, I intend to risk the wrath and brave the arguments of possibly many by a description of my ideal small auxiliary cruiser. My object will be to popularise this class of boat, for it is the only small type in which extended cruising is possible on salt water.

As I mentioned last week, the initial cost is higher than that of a motor-cruiser, but against this can be put the saving of fuel and fewer engine overhauls. It is true that sails and running gear require replacement and are expensive, but, taken all round, the running costs of the two types do not differ widely. In bad weather there is no comparison between the two, whilst as regards speed over long distances, such as from the Solent to Gibraltar, the auxiliary should win, because the fuel stowage of the average motor-cruiser would not permit her to take the direct course. I believe that the only firm that has made any effort to produce a standard auxiliary is Messrs. Thornycroft, Ltd. Why they never built more of them I cannot say, but I feel sure that, if some firm designed a small vessel of this type that was easy to handle, they would be sold quickly and the standard of seamanship amongst new yachtsmen would be raised in consequence.



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MUSIC from the finest gramophone records or programmes from many of the best broadcasting studios is now available, as choice may dictate, from one and the same instrument, costing no more than a first-class radio-receiving set alone. The equipment for receiving radio programmes and for playing gramophone records is all contained in the one cabinet, and, simply by moving a switch, radio or records may be listened to as desired. An instrument representing the latest knowledge in radio-cum-gramophone technique is that known as the Symphony Radio-Gramophone, which has been on the market long enough to prove that it meets the requirements of the music-loving public. Excellent reproduction of wireless programmes or gramophone records is given by the self-contained loud-speaker incorporated in the Symphony cabinet. A special type of electro-magnetic "pick-up" enables records to be reproduced with the greatest fidelity to the original sound, and the output may be reduced to a whisper or increased to full volume by turning a single "tone control" knob.

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The Symphony Radio-Gramophone is supplied from thirty-six guineas upward either as a battery-operated model, with all batteries, aerials, gramophone motor, and loud-speaker inside the cabinet, or as an All-Electric model, which may be connected

to the nearest electric-light plug—thus entirely eliminating batteries and the necessity for "winding up" the gramophone motor. The All-Electric model is fitted with a moving-coil loud-speaker which gives exceedingly truthful reproduction of all musical notes from the lowest to the highest.

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The "B.B.C. Year Book, 1930," just issued by the British Broadcasting Corporation, is a review of the aims and achievements of the broadcasting service in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, with a survey of progress made in the Dominions, Europe, and U.S.A., embracing the period from Oct. 1, 1928, to Sept. 30, 1929. A considerable section of the book is devoted to the technique of broadcasting, with articles by Professor A. S. Eddington on "Space and Ether"; Sir William Bragg, on "Rays and Waves"; Professor E. V. Appleton, on "Atmospheric Electricity and Wireless Transmission"; and Dr. R. L. Smith-Rose, on "Lightning and Atmospherics." The problems of reception are also explained in detail. The book costs only two shillings, and will be found to be of interest to all radio listeners.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

CHRISTMAS-TIME is not the moment for serious study, and our sister paper, the *Sketch*, realises this to the full, and has, therefore, produced a Christmas Number inspired by the merriest ideas. The Presentation Plate, "Snowballs in Fairyland," from the picture by Arthur H. Buckland, is a charming production, while the reading matter and many coloured pages include beautiful pictures and thrilling yarns. The series of poems entitled "Faery Visions," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, has exquisite illustrations by Baudin; while the delightfully comical series of Wallis Mills's drawings, illustrating "How to be Unsuccessful in Modern Society," will amuse everyone. Erté, Sidney Cowle, and Félix de Gray are among the well-known artists who have contributed pictures, and the fiction is both striking and original. Miss Barbara Bingley writes a notable tale entitled "The Cactus," Mr. George Preedy contributes one of his "Rococo" and decorative historical stories, and H. F. M. Prescott, author of "The Unhurrying Chase," is represented by a charming tale which introduces Aristotle and Alexander the Great—in a suitably light-hearted fashion. "The Lay of La Dame Fayel" is a charming poem from the thirteenth-century French, translated by Barbara Bingley, and with characteristically delicate illustrations by E. H. Shepard; and the number contains many pages of pictures, poems, and print, both grave and gay in character, put together and offered for 2s.

Christmas presents should always show ingenuity and interest; and the latest calendars made by G. Delgado, Ltd., are certainly interesting. Each calendar is named after a well-known man or woman and has one week to a page; on each page are extracts from their speeches or verses. These make entertaining, useful gifts. One contains excerpts from the King's speeches on a thousand-and-one different matters; while another gives extracts (non-political) from those of Mr. Baldwin. Three other calendars have quotations from Mrs. Marion Cran, on gardens and nature; from Dean Inge, in varying moods and on many subjects; and from Rudyard Kipling, with portions of his most stirring verse. Finally, there is the *Punch* Calendar, with illustrated jokes from that well-known paper. The King's Calendar costs 5s.; the others are 3s. 6d. each.

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A Page for Connoisseurs.



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ENGLISH SILVER: ONE AVENUE OF APPROACH.

A GREAT deal has been written about the various types of English silver—one can find the information in any one of a dozen authoritative volumes—but not very much has ever been said about the mode of life of which all domestic objects, whether furniture or table pieces, are but a pale reflection. It is perhaps a point of view which will not commend itself to the specialist, but, as the majority of those who read this page desire to possess homes rather than museums, it is fairly safe to suggest that the study of every sort of desirable piece which has come down to us is not complete without some account being taken of the manners and modes of the people for whom they were originally made. Incidentally, it is becoming more and more an axiom of museum policy, particularly in America, to show utensils and furniture not as isolated examples of craftsmanship, but as far as possible in their original surroundings—that is, for example, in a room arranged as nearly as possible as it was when Pepys and Dr. Johnson were alive.

The suggestion, then, is made quite seriously that a study of contemporary memoirs and histories is no bad preliminary to the appreciation of antiques, and what is true of the whole field of collecting is equally true of the part comprised by the art of the silver-smith. Thus, if a man is fortunate enough to possess any examples of Elizabethan silver, he will enjoy them all the more if he reads Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." A few Cromwellian and Charles II. pieces gain enormously in interest if one spends an hour or so with Evelyn or Pepys. The elegant proportions of a Queen Anne teapot take on additional vividness if one remembers that it was the nowadays commonplace habit of tea-drinking that revolutionised the silver trade in the early eighteenth century, turning designers away from the rather



A SILVER DRINKING-VESSEL IN THE SHAPE
OF A RAM.

The original, which is German seventeenth-century work, is exhibited in the Weinberger Collection, now on view at the Kassel Museum.

grandiose style of the previous hundred years to shapes which were more in keeping with so quiet and domesticated a vogue.

Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" and Fielding's "Tom Jones" give extraordinarily vivid pictures of their times. This heavy flagon might have belonged to Squire Western; this centrepiece might have reflected the features of Colonel Esmond. Later pieces from the second half of the century, with their increasing classicism—what a comment they are upon the fashions of their times! All the cultured world had been thrilled by excavations at Pompeii. The French furniture-maker, and after him his English imitators, were enormously influenced by this event. Small wonder that the silversmith followed the current fashions; and, in place of the rather heavy, florid ornaments of a few years before, provided polite society with vases and urns copied directly from Greek and Roman models!

One must think of the silver of the last quarter of the century as not merely elegant decoration in itself, but as part of a much wider enthusiasm which welcomed the classical designs of the brothers Adam in architecture and made James Stuart's ("Athenian" Stuart's) book on the "Antiquities of Athens" the "best-seller" of the season. Nor must one forget that, while the silversmiths were busy with Greek garlands and rhythmic flutings, Josiah Wedgwood was dominating the Staffordshire pottery trade with vases and plaques of exactly similar proportions and inspiration. It is points like these that to many minds constitute the real pleasure of collecting. Old silver is not just beautiful in itself: it can be quite literally an eloquent commentary upon social history.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXXIV. BY SAM LOYD.

1PQ5; 4P1P1; 7P; 1P2R1; 1P6; 1P5K1; 1P2P4; 7K—What was White's last move?

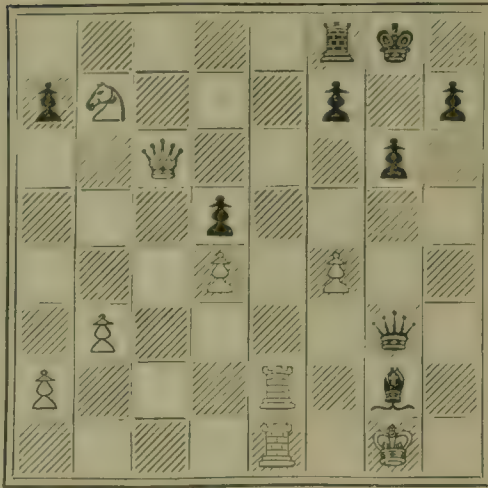
The king of puzzle-makers would have chuckled to see the suggestions of P takes something on a8 or e8 becoming B or Q. Some clever claim that it is too easy, and one innocently wonders how the pawns "got there." That, of course, is the subtlety of the whole thing, because it is impossible for White to have made ten captures with Pawns, leaving Black with six pieces on the board, as no pawn could have captured the Black KB1. The White King cannot have disclosed check by simply moving from KB3, as on that square he would have been subjected to an impossible double check. The White King was on KB3, but White had also a P on his Kt2, and Black a pawn on his KB5. White is thus in check from the Black Q, and plays P-Kt4 to cover. Black replies P×P en passant, and White plays K×P dis. ch., "realising the poster," as Buffalo Bill used to say. There is no second solution, and the mere mention of Loyd's name should have warned readers against any obvious or simple solution, as this wily composer held the record number of seals lifted from the unwary.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.

Dr. Alekhin, as many expected, won his game of ninepins with ease, seeing a good deal of autumnal Europe in the process. We do not subscribe to the theory that he allowed Bogoljubow to win every now and again, though he certainly took risks that might have been very dangerous against Capablanca, Nimzowitch, or Rubinstein, any one of whom would have been a more formidable opponent than his latest victim. There are several masters capable of extending Bogoljubow in a match, including at least one amateur, Dr. Vidmar. We hope the time will soon come when the selection of a challenger for the world's championship will not depend upon the amount of financial backing he is able to secure; and to see a fund established by contributions from chess-players of all nationalities to endow the championship contest in consonance with the dignity of chess.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXXVI.

BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 5R1; 5S3P1P; 2Q3P1; 3P4; 3P1P2; 1P4Q1; P3R1R1; 1R1K1—Black to play and win.]

One or two of our readers have expressed a preference for something difficult in the way of Game Problems, and we think No. XXXVI will test their powers. It occurred in an International Tournament game between two famous players. Black had sacrificed a Rook to force perpetual check, and he here played BK5 dis. ch. (his best move), and accepted the draw then offered by his opponent. He could, however, have won, as White's best line of play would have left Black with Q and B against 2 Rooks and Kt, in a winning pawn position. If our readers fail to find the winning process they will have the

company of one of the most distinguished masters, but we hope for better things. Black to play (BK5) and win.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4055 from Geo Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4057 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4058 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); J W Smedley (Brooklyn), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), J M K Lupton (Richmond), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. 4059 from A Edmeston (Llandudno), A Ferreira (Porto), J M K Lupton (Richmond), F N (Vigo), Robert D (Paris), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), P J Wood (Wakefield), L W Cafferata (Newark), and H Richards (Hove); and of No. 4060 from Senex (Darwen) and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME-PROBLEM XXXIII, from J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.J.); and of XXXIV, from H Richards (Hove) and H Brögger (Helsingfors).

The eighty-eighth edition of "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" for 1930, which marks its one-hundred-and-fourth year of publication, will be published at the beginning of December by "Burke's Peerage," Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. The ordinary edition costs £5 5s.; the special edition, bound in morocco, £9 9s.

The convenience of smokers has been studied to some purpose by Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, the manufacturers of "Three Castles" Medium Cigarettes. These are now on the market at 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s., in what is known as the "Wallet" packing. This takes the form of a cardboard carton, hinged at the side so that it opens flat—just like a cigarette-case. Smokers are thus enabled to extract a cigarette instantly without disturbing the rest. Needless to say, "Three Castles" Medium Cigarettes maintain the high standard which has always been associated with the "Three Castles" brand.

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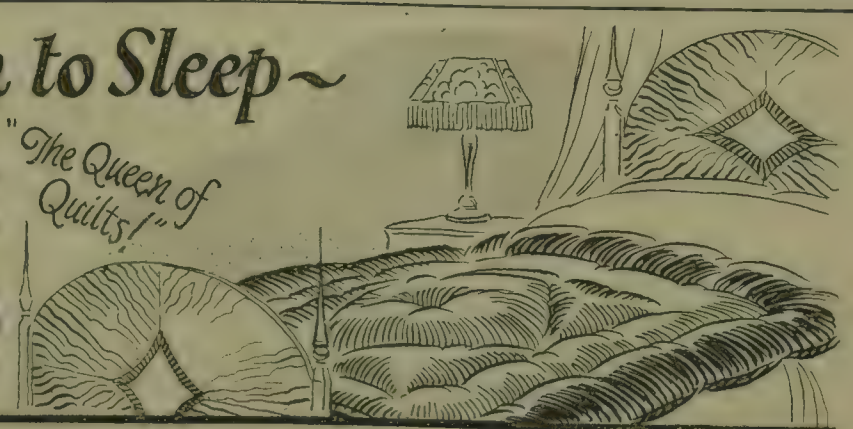
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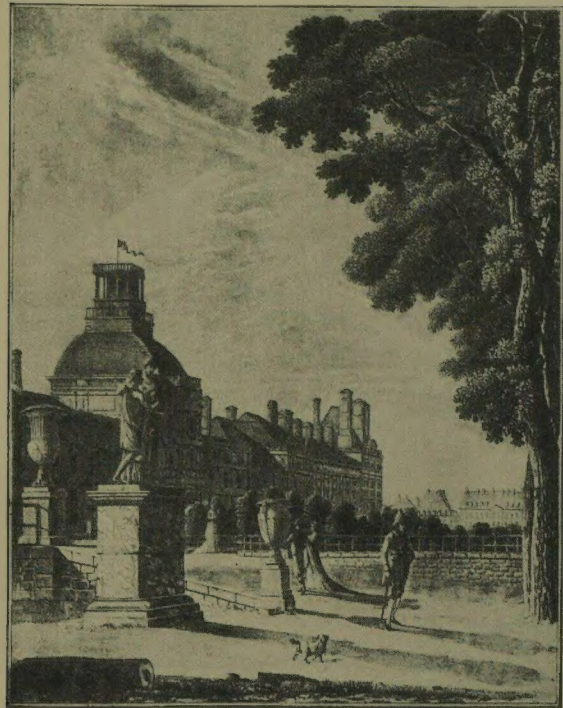
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comparable genius, threw such a glamour about the English Christmas, and my own memories of Christmas at home are so sentimental, that I could not, during the first years of my residence in France, enjoy the French Christmas. But afterwards, in Paris, on the Riviera, and in my little Normandy village, I passed the most delightful Christmas days; and now I begin to wonder whether Christmas on the Continent is



UNDER THE CONSULATE: THE TUILERIES.

That famous Imperial Palace, the Tuileries, was begun by Catherine de' Medici in 1564, and was completed under Louis XIV. Much damage was done to it by the mob in 1792, 1830, 1848, and 1871; indeed, in the last-named year it was burned.

not at least as enjoyable as Christmas in Great Britain—possibly more so.

Apparently a growing number of British visitors share my doubt. Since the war the Réveillon has become one of the principal fêtes of the year. It would not be going too far to describe it as the most important. The Jour de l'An used to overshadow Noël; now Noël overshadows the Jour de l'An. At Christmas the French give themselves up so completely to merriment that they are too exhausted to begin again at the New Year, and on New Year's Day they content themselves with the traditional round of formal calls. The change in French manners may best be illustrated by reference to the school holiday. Formerly the schoolboy was granted one day's leave of absence—on Christmas Day itself. On the morrow he had to return unwillingly to school. But at New Year he was given the best part of a week's holiday by way of compensation. Now the custom has been reversed. Holidays begin on Christmas Eve and they extend to January 2. Here is a small but significant mark of the transformation of the French regard for the two days.

Doubtless it has partly been brought about by the steady increase in the number of Britishers in France. That increase, too, requires some explanation. It is easy to understand why the British love of things French in general has augmented, and why the British invasion, especially in the summer months, has mounted higher and higher. The war is, of course, responsible for this as for many other social phenomena. But such an explanation does not at first sight account for the influx of British men and women at Christmastide. Surely they should stay at home for the great home festival? The fact is that they stay at home less and less at Christmas. Something, therefore, has altered on the English side of the Channel.

It has. For better or for worse, the purely family character of Christmas has declined. I do not mean that Christmas is not observed in the old-fashioned way in hundreds of thousands of British homes. I mean that it is also observed in a relatively new fashion outside British homes. There is a more

CHRISTMAS IN PARIS: NOËL NOW ECLIPSES NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON, Author of "Bohemian, Literary, and Social Life in Paris."

gregarious life. A larger population of men and women, more or less detached from domesticity, frequent public places—the theatres, the hotels, the restaurants. It might be worth while to analyse this social change; but for my present purpose it is sufficient to state a fact which will be readily acknowledged by everybody who has any acquaintance with the great cities.

It is inevitable that some portion of this population should find its way abroad at Christmastide. And, granted their freedom from family ties, they are right to sample Christmas in other lands. I am, indeed, tempted to say that the summer visitor to Paris does not know Paris as it veritably is. He knows a Paris that has to some extent been abandoned by the Parisian. He comes, as it were, into a city that has been rented to him for the season. It is the foreigner's Paris that he enjoys. The Parisian's Paris is the Paris of the winter months, when the multitudinous amusements of the capital are in full blast.

The entertainments reach their culminating point. The new plays, the new revues, the new cabaret shows, have been tried out. Some of them have been found wanting, and have been replaced by better and brighter spectacles. Those that have succeeded in pleasing the fickle and unpredictable taste of the public have worked themselves into their best shape. The fun is fast and furious. The whole gamut, from the classical drama to the lightest of musical comedy, is heard. The concert-halls put forward their finest programmes. As for the shops, they make their most dazzling display. Now is the time to look at artistic editions of books and beautiful bindings. Now is the time to see the dresses, both at the dressmakers' establishments and in society functions. Now is the time when the jewellers invent fascinating new settings, and the mighty host of dealers in *articles de Paris*—a term which includes almost everything suitable for presents, such as *maroquinerie*, embroidered handbags, dainty handkerchiefs, perfumes in exquisite flacons—show their most ravishing wares. Now is the time for *grands diners* and *petits soupers*. Now is the time, in short, when Paris is really herself—her gay, brilliant, coquettish self.

Nor are the children overlooked. They are taken from store to store, which vie with each other in their exhibition of gorgeous and ingenious toys. Their façades are illuminated in all the colours of the rainbow, and behind the polished windows are amazing animated tableaux. Yes, the children have their treat too, though perhaps it is even more enjoyed by the grown-ups than by the children. They will place their shoes in the chimney, and, awakening



FASHIONABLE—AND UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE: THE COURT OF THE HOTEL PRINCE DE GALLES, PARIS.

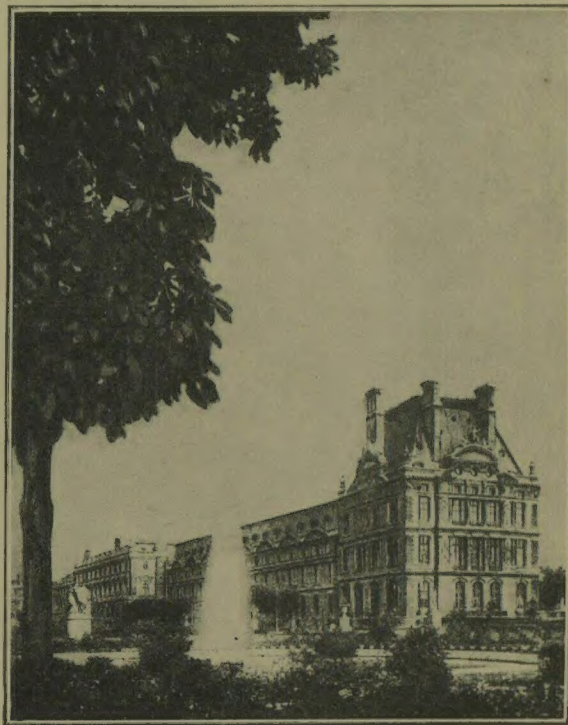


IN 1855: THE RUE DE RIVOLI, SHOWING THE HOTEL MEURICE AS IT APPEARED AT THAT PERIOD.

on Christmas morn, will discover the

bounty of the Père Noël. Yet they are put to bed on Christmas Eve, while their elders go in search of pleasure. Christmas Eve in Paris is a festival for adults. The theatres are crowded, and so are the churches for midnight Mass. After midnight it is the restaurants which are crowded. The Gargantuan feast begins between twelve and one o'clock. Oysters, on their icy beds, are, of course, *de rigueur*. So is the *boudin*—the black pudding—which is elevated to the rank of festive food. Then comes the turkey with its truffles, its chestnuts, and its stuffing. The *pâté de foie gras* cannot, whatever be the state of your own liver, be omitted. The *champagne frappé* is the only drink.

What is most characteristic, in the most humble and the most sumptuous restaurants, is the gaiety and good humour that prevail. Everybody is in



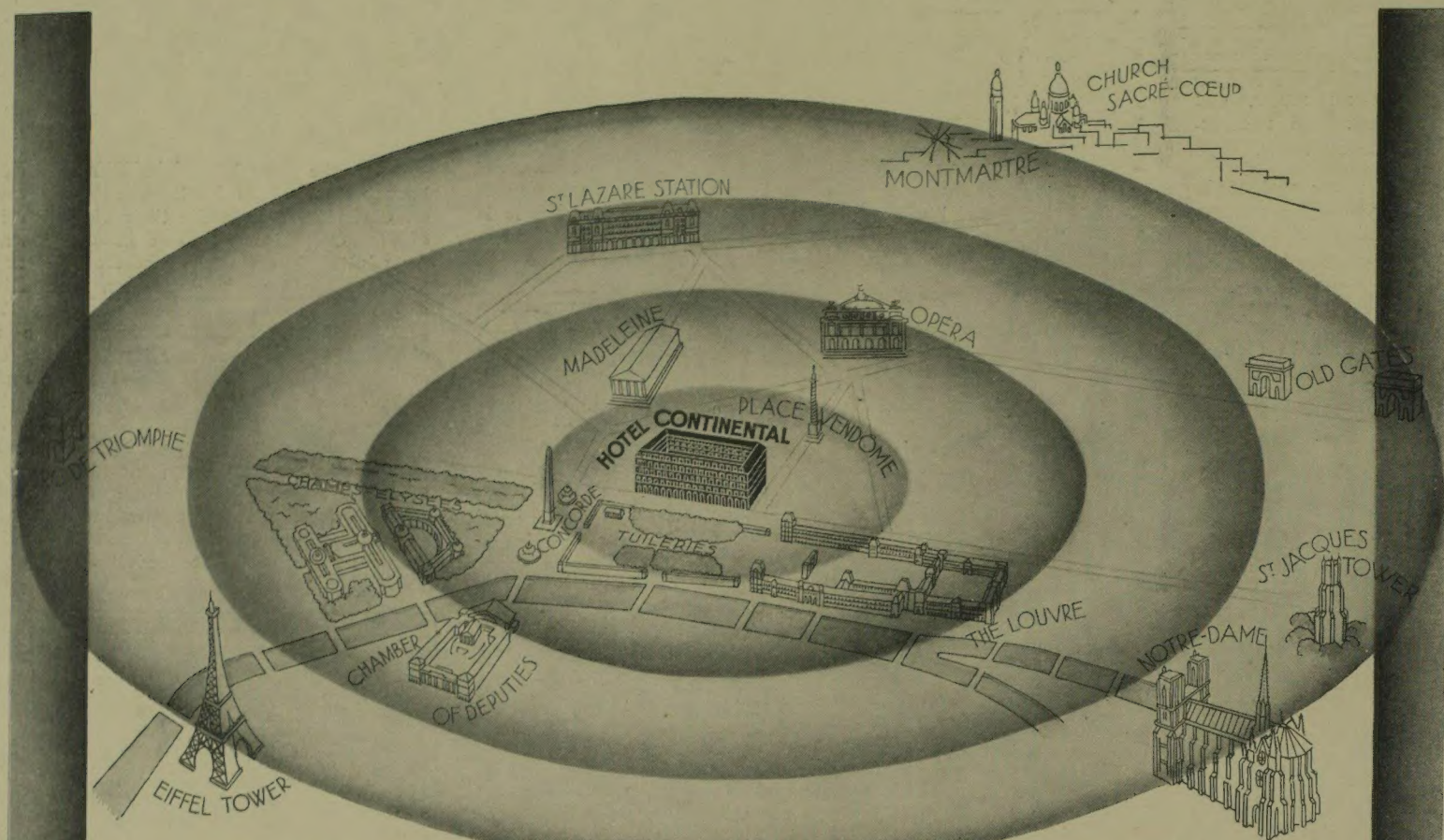
AS IT IS AT PRESENT: THE TUILERIES.

In 1883 the Tuileries Palace was removed, save for two wings linking it with the Louvre. The garden extends over some seventy-five acres, and it need hardly be added that it is one of the deservedly recognised "sights" of modern Paris.

high spirits. Everybody knows everybody else. Everybody laughs in company and toasts everybody else. Everybody, however grave in daily life, however dignified in his ordinary station, dons a paper cap, and is not afraid of being ridiculous. Perhaps there is nothing which more distinguishes the traditional Englishman from the average Frenchman than the former's fear of ridicule and the latter's absence of fear of ridicule. It is when one is afraid of being ridiculous that one becomes ridiculous. When one has no fear of being ridiculous, one is never ridiculous.

So, as the night wears on, rouged feminine lips blow into funny little trumpets, and bejewelled feminine hands launch scores of woollen balls, which are smartly returned by more dexterous masculine hands. Paper streamers catch the tables in a coloured network. There is music, there is dancing. And the dawn of Christmas Day comes up too soon.

It is all very amusing, and probably unobtainable elsewhere. But such diversions are apt to lead to an anti-climax unless one takes proper precautions. I am inclined to think that the proper precaution is to take one of those luxurious trains which whisk the reveller to the Riviera. After the Réveillon, the Riviera, and sunny days by the blue Mediterranean. Days are, of course, not always sunny even in the Midi, and the Mediterranean is not always blue; but the sunniness and blueness are sufficiently certain to make the prospect of wintering on the Riviera delightful. I remember such a holiday a few years ago, when, just after Christmas, my host came to greet me in white flannel trousers and straw hat. I want to see those white flannel trousers and that straw hat again!



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The Right Atmosphere. Nowhere else in the world can you become steeped in the atmosphere of a city quite so rapidly as in Paris. Therein lies, for most people, the secret of her charm. The fashionable, pleasure-loving boulevards are intermingled at every turn with the historical haunts of tourists, and arrive, quite suddenly, at the more Bohemian quarters. It is this complete absence of definite barriers which gives to the whole city that unique atmosphere of "intimité." If you make your headquarters a well-chosen spot in the centre of Paris, you can accomplish far more in a week than would be possible in London.

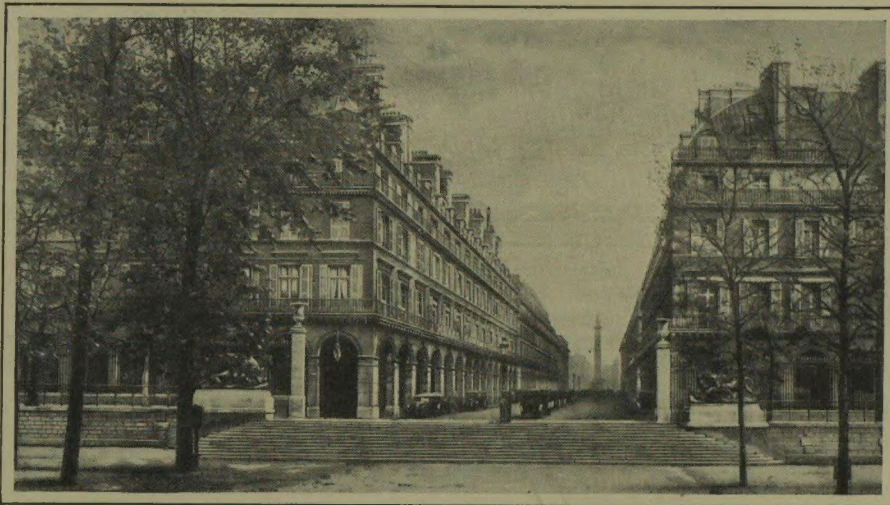
A hotel which cannot be bettered for this purpose is the Continental, which stands at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de Castiglione, once a spot of great historical interest. The windows of the hotel overlook the royal Tuileries Gardens, to the left bank of the river beyond, which is dominated by some of the oldest monuments in Paris. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Tuileries Gardens and the Place Vendôme (then Louis le Grand) were already in existence, but the present Rue de Castiglione was only a passage between the convents of the Feuillants and of the Capuchin friars, whose frugal refectory occupied precisely the present situation of the main courtyard of the hotel. The photograph at the top shows the metamorphosis of this austere eating-place of monks into a gay rendezvous of fashionable society, where the modern pleasures of cocktails and "le five-o'clock" are happily indulged. In 1875, the peaceful old quarter of monks and aristocratic families was chosen as the site for this enormous quadrilateral building, bordering the Rue de Rivoli, the famous street of galleries made by Napoleon, and now the happy hunting-ground of *magasins de luxe* and fashionable jewellers.



A SALON IN THE MODERN STYLE: THE LATEST IDEAS IN LIGHTING AND FURNISHING ARE INTRODUCED IN THIS ROOM, WHICH RIVALS THE MAGNIFICENT PERIOD SALONS IN ATTRACTION.

Awaking in Paris. There is no more pleasant spot in which to wake on one's first morning in Paris. From the principal façade of the hotel, facing south, there is, first of

on the other side of the Seine, are the monuments which tell the history of this fascinating city: the Gothic Notre Dame behind the long line of the Louvre; the Pantheon, dominating the hill of Sainte Geneviève; the two squat steeples of Saint Sulpice; the gilded dome of Les Invalides; the impressive Chambre des Députés; and, finally, the familiar landmark of the Eiffel Tower. Nearer at hand, a few moments from the doors of the hotel, lie the Rue de la Paix, the chief boulevards, and the Place de l'Opéra, which may be termed the very heart of Paris. No time is ever lost travelling to and fro in the over-



IN THE HEART OF PARIS: THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE CASTIGLIONE AND THE RUE DE RIVOLI, WITH THE PLACE VENDÔME IN THE DISTANCE.

crowded Métro, or on the strangely uncomfortable trains which serve the city.

Modern Equipment.

In spite of such old associations, the most up-to-date luxuries in the way of furnishing, cuisine, and the thousand-and-one details which make a hotel a home from home, distinguish the Continental. Blondel, the famous architect who built it originally, had large ideas on space, and this has allowed for the most recent conceptions of hotel comfort to be installed. It is a miniature town on its own, where a solution is found to every query. The reading-room, illustrated on this page, is furnished in Louis XIV. style, with all the splendour of that period. Beyond that is a Moorish salon and drawing-rooms in modern styles. On the other side of the hotel lie four banqueting

HEADQUARTERS FOR A BRIEF PARIS VISIT.

all, the view of the Rue de Rivoli, unequalled anywhere in the world, where a stream of interesting humanity flows

rooms and the magnificent Stairway of the Sovereigns, so called because the royalty who stayed there could enter by an adjacent door and proceed to

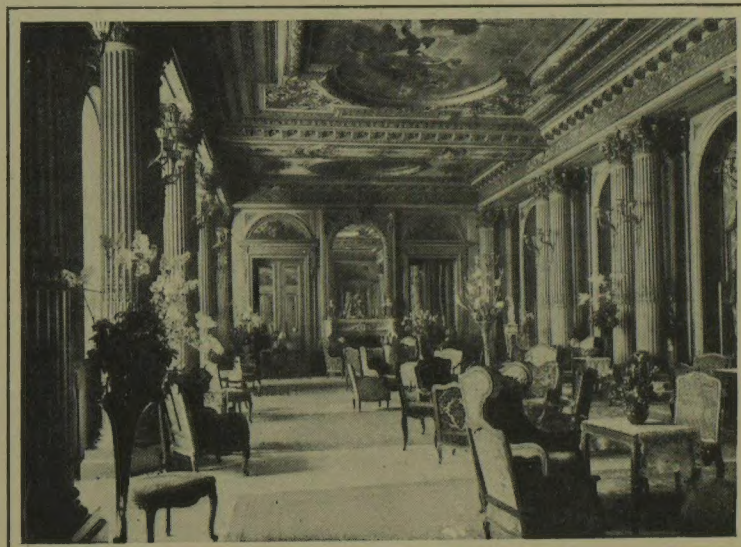


A PERIOD BED-ROOM IN ONE OF THE FAMOUS SUITES: IT IS THE WORK OF AN EXPERT AND PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL.

their apartments unnoticed. The Empress Eugénie, whose portrait by Winterhalter is now at la Malmaison, made this her home for several years. There is a wonderful Louis XIV. suite and several Directoire rooms, as well as many furnished in the most attractive styles of *l'art nouveau*.

The cuisine is justly celebrated, and special American and English dishes are obtainable by all who desire them. English is spoken by the waiters, and nearly all the well-trained *personnel* of the hotel. There is a large restaurant *à la carte*, decorated in purest François II. style, with wainscoting of ebony inlaid with copper, and table d'hôte meals are obtainable in the Henri III. room, which has some beautiful Gobelin tapestries. There is also a vast tea-room, with a fine sunk panel ceiling. These rooms look out on the Rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries, pleasantly screened by the subdued light of the arcades.

Experienced travellers on both sides of the Atlantic expect to find in a first-class hotel nowadays a complete modern installation in every sphere. This the Continental gives, combined with the charm of old historical associations, and offering from her balconies a prospect which never palls, views that delight your eyes, and remind you every moment that you are in the very heart of Paris.



THE LOUIS XIV. READING-ROOM: A ROOM FURNISHED WITH ALL THE LUXURY OF THAT PERIOD, ALLIED WITH MODERN COMFORT.

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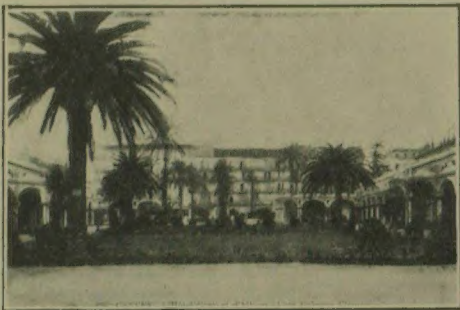
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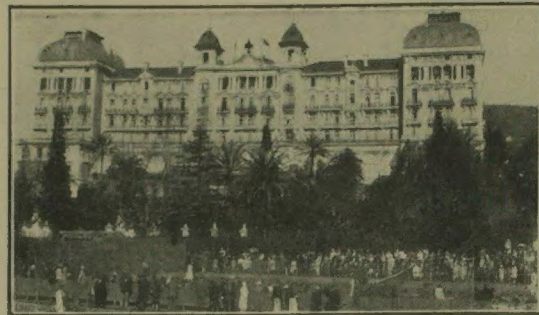


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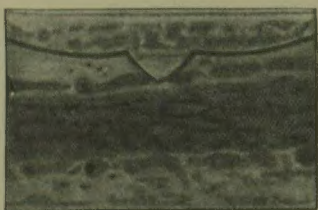
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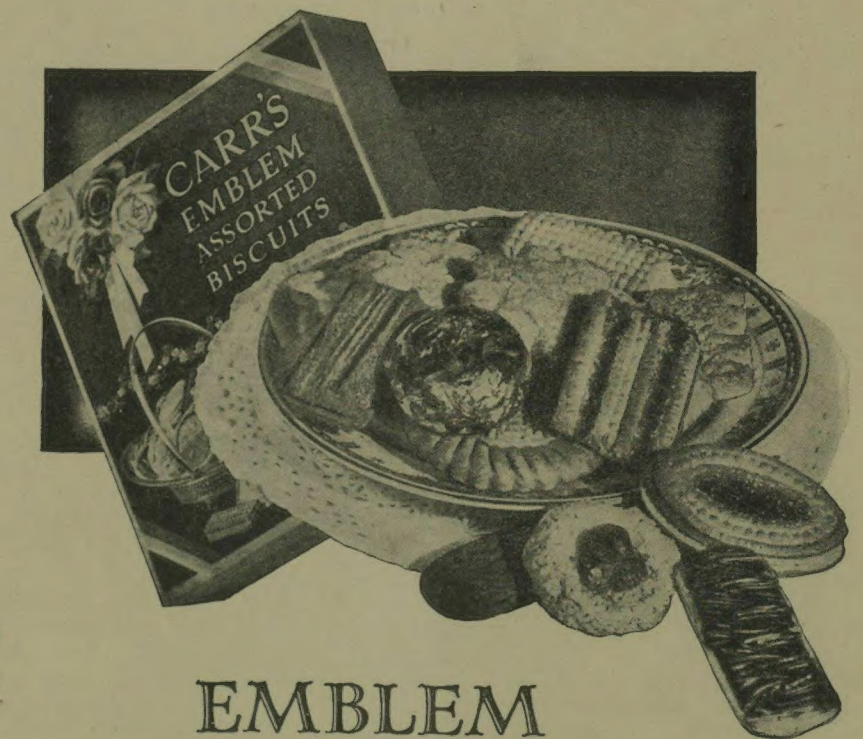


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